1773. f
k

Sr Martin Mar-all,

OR THE

Feign'd Innocence:

A

COMEDY.

As it was Acted at

His HIGHNESSE the DUKE of YORK'S

THEATRE.

LONDON,

Printed for *H. Herringman*, at the Sign of the *Blew Anchor* in the Lower Walk of the *New Exchange*, 1668.

Prologue.

FOols, which each man meets in his Diſh each day,
Are yet the great Regalio's of a Play;
In which to Poets you but juſt appear,
To prize that higheſt which coſt them ſo dear:
Fops in the Town more eaſily will paſs;
One ſtory makes a ſtatutable Aſs,
But ſuch in Plays muſt be much thicker ſown,
Like yolks of Eggs, a dozen beat to one.
Obſerving Poets all their walks invade,
As men watch Woodcocks gliding through a Glade:
And when they have enough for Comedy,
They ſtow their ſeveral Bodies in a Pye:
The Poet's but the Cook to faſhion it,
For, Gallants, you your ſelves have found the wit.
To bid you welcome would your bounty wrong,
None welcome thoſe who bring their Chear along.

The Names of the Perſons.

Lord Dartmouth.	In love with Mrs. *Chriſtian.*
Mr. Moody.	The Swaſh-buckler.
Sir Martin Mar-all.	A Fool.
Warner.	His Man.
Sir John Swallow.	A Kentiſh Knight.
Lady Dupe.	The old Lady.
Mrs. Chriſtian.	Her young Niece.
Mrs. Milliſent.	The Swaſh-bucklers Daughter.
Roſe.	Her Maid.
Mrs. Preparation.	Woman to the old Lady.

Other Servants, Men and Women.

A Carrier.

Bayliffs.

The SCENE Covent-Garden.

THE Feignd Innocence: OR Sir *MARTIN MARRALL.*

ACT. I.

Enter Warner *solus.*

Warn. WHere the Devil is this Master of mine? he is ever out of the way when he should do himself good. This 'tis to serve a Coxcomb, one that has no more brains than just those I carry for him. Well! of all Fopps commend me to him for the greatest; he's so opinion'd of his own Abilities, that he is ever designing somewhat, and yet he sows his Stratagems so shallow, that every Daw can pick 'em up: from a plotting Fool the Lord deliver me. Here he comes, O! it seems his Cousin's with him, then it is not so bad as I imagin'd.

Enter Sir Martin Marral, *Lady* Dupe.

La. Dupe. I think 'twas well contriv'd for your access to lodge her in the same house with you.

Sir Mart. 'Tis pretty well I must confess.

Warn. Had he plotted it himself, it had been admirable [*aside.*

La. Dupe. For when her Father *Moody* writ to me to take him Lodgings, I so order'd it, the choice seem'd his, not mine.

Sir Mart. I have hit of a thing my self sometimes, when wiser Heads have miss'd it —— But that might be meer luck.

La. Dupe. Fortune does more than Wisdom.

Sir Mart. Nay, for that you shall excuse me; I will not value any mans Fortune at a rush,

Except he have Wit and Parts to bear him out.
But when do you expect 'em?

La Dupe. This Tide will bring them from *Graveſend.*
You had beſt let your man go as from me,
And wait them at the Stairs in *Durham*-yard.

Sir Mart. Lord, Couſin, what a do is here with your Counſel!
As though I could not have thought of that my ſelf.
I could find in my heart not to ſend him now —— ſtay a little
—— I could ſoon find out ſome other way.

Warn. A minute's ſtay may loſe your buſineſs.

Sir Mart. Well, go then, —— but you muſt grant, if he had ſtay'd, I could have found a better way, —— you grant it.

La Dupe. For once I will not ſtand with you. —[*Exit Warner.*
'Tis a ſweet Gentlewoman this Mrs. *Milliſent*, if you can get her.

Sir Mart. Let me alone for plotting.

La Dupe. But by your favour, Sir, 'tis not ſo eaſie,
Her Father has already promis'd her:
And the young Gentleman comes up with 'em:
I partly know the man, —— but the old Squire is humourſome,
He's ſtout, and plain in ſpeech and in behaviour;
He loves none of the fine Town-tricks of breeding,
But ſtands up for the old *Elizabeth* way in all things.
This we muſt work upon.

Sir Mart. Sure! you think you have to deal with a Fool, Couſin?
[*Enter Mrs. Chriſtian.*

La Dupe. O my dear Neice, I have ſome buſineſs with you.
[*Whiſpers.*

Sir Mart. Well, Madam, I'le take one turn here i'th *Piazza's*;
A thouſand things are hammering in this head;
'Tis a fruitful Noddle, though I ſay it. [*Exit Sir Martin.*

La Dupe. Go thy wayes for a moſt conceited Fool. ——
But to our buſineſs; Couſin: you are young, but I am old, and have had all the Love-experience that a diſcreet Lady ought to have; and therefore let me inſtruct you about the Love this rich Lord makes to you.

Chr. You know, Madam, he's Marry'd, ſo that we cannot work upon that ground of Matrimony.

La Dupe. But there are advantages enough for you, if you will be wiſe and follow my advice.

Chr. Madam,

Chr. Madam, my Friends left me to your care, therefore I will wholly follow your Counsel with secrecy and obedience.

La Dupe. Sweet-heart, it shall be the better for you another day: well then, this Lord that pretends to you is crafty and false, as most men are, especially in Love; —— therefore we must be subtle to meet with all his Plots, and have Countermines against his Workes to blow him up.

Chr. As how, Madam?

La Dupe. Why, Girl, hee'l make fierce Love to you, but you must not suffer him to ruffle you, or steal a kiss: but you must weep and sigh, and say you'l tell me on't, and that you will not be us'd so; and play the innocent just like a Child, and seem ignorant of all.

Chr. I warrant you 'Ile be very ignorant, Madam.

La Dupe. And be sure when he has tows'd you, not to appear at Supper that night, that you may fright him.

Chr. No, Madam.

La Dupe. That he may think you have told me.

Chr. I Madam.

La. Dupe. And keep your Chamber, and say your head akes.

Chr. O, most extreamly, Madam.

La Dupe. And lock the door, and admit of no night-visits: at Supper I'l ask where's my Cousin, and being told you are not well, I'l start from the Table to visit you, desiring his Lordship not to incommode himself; for I will presently wait on him agen.

Chr. But how, when you are return'd, Madam?

La Dupe. Then somewhat discompos'd, I'l say, I doubt the Meazles or Small-pox will seize on you, and then the Girl is spoil'd; saying, Poor thing, her Portion is her Beauty and her Vertue; and often send to see how you do, by whispers in my Servants ears, and have those whispers of your health return'd to mine: if his Lordship thereupon askes how you do, I will pretend it was some other thing.

Chr. Right, Madam, for that will bring him further in suspence.

La Dupe. A hopeful Girl! Then will I eate nothing that night, feigning my grief for you; but keep his Lordship Company at Meal, and seem to strive to put my passion off, yet shew it still by small mistakes.

Chr. And broken Sentences.

La. Dupe. A dainty Girl: and after Supper visit you again, with promise to return straight to his Lordship: but after I am gone send an Excuse, that I have given you a Cordial, and mean to watch that night in person with you.

Chr. His Lordship then will find the Prologue of his trouble, doubting I have told you of his ruffling.

La. Dupe. And more than that, fearing his Father should know of it, and his Wife, who is a Termagant Lady: but when he finds the Coast is clear, and his late ruffling known to none but you, he will be drunk with joy.

Chr. Finding my simple Innocence, which will inflame him more.

La. Dupe. Then what the Lyon's skin has fail'd him in, the Foxes subtlety must next supply, and that is just, Sweet-heart, as I would have it; for crafty Folks treaties are their advantage: especially when his passion must be satisfi'd at any rate, and you keep shop to set the price of Love: so now you see the Market is your own.

Chr. Truly, Madam, this is very rational, and by the blessing of Heav'n upon my poor endeavours, I do not doubt to play my part.

La. Dupe. My blessing and my pray'rs go along with thee.

Enter Sir John Swallow, *Mrs.* Millesent, and Rose *her Maid.*

Chr. I believe, Madam, here is the young Heiress you expect, and with her he who is to marry her.

La. Dupe. Howe're I am Sir *Martins* Friend, I must not seem his Enemy.

Sir John. Madam, this fair young Lady begs the honour to be known to you.

Mill. My Father made me hope it, Madam.

La. Dupe. Sweet Lady, I believe you have brought all the Freshness of the Country up to Town with you. [*They salute.*

Mill. I came up, Madam, as we Country-Gentlewomen use, at an *Easter*-Term, to the destruction of Tarts and Cheese-cakes, to see a New Play, buy a new Gown, take a Turn in the Park, and so down agen to sleep with my Fore-fathers. *Sir*

Sir John. Rather, Madam, you are come up to the breaking of many a poor Heart, that like mine will languish for you.

Chr. I doubt, Madam, you are indispos'd with your Voyage; will you please to see the Lodgings your Father has provided for you?

Mill. To wait upon you, Madam.

La. Dupe. This is the door, —— there is a Gentleman will wait you immediately in your Lodging, if he might presume on your Commands. [*In whisper.*

Mill. You mean Sir *Martin Marrall:* I am glad he has entrusted his passion with so discreet a person. [*In whisper.*

La. Dupe. Sir *John*, let me intreat you to stay here, that my Father may have intelligence where to find us.

Sir John. I shall obey you, Madam. [*Exeunt Women.*

Enter Sir Martin,

Sir John. Sir *Martin Marrall*! most happily encounter'd! how long have you been come to Town?

Sir Mart. Some three dayes since, or thereabouts: but I thank God I am very weary on't already.

Sir John. Why, what's the matter, man?

Sir Mart. My villainous old luck still follows me in gaming, I never throw the Dice out of my hand, but my Gold goes after 'em: if I go to Picquet, though it be but with a Novice in't, he will picque and repicque, and Capot me twenty times together: and which most mads me, I lose all my Sets when I want but one of up.

Sir John. The pleasure of play is lost, when one loses at that unreasonable rate.

Sir Mart. But I have sworn not to touch either Cards or Dice this half year.

Sir John. The Oaths of losing Gamesters are most minded; they foreswear play as an angry Servant does his Mistress, because he loves her but too well.

Sir Mart. But I am now taken up with thoughts of another nature; I am in love, Sir.

Sir John. That's the worst Game you could have play'd at, scarce one Woman in an hundred will play with you upon the

Square;

Square: you venture at more uncertainty than at a Lottery: for you ſet your heart to a whole Sex of Blanks. But is your Miſtreſs Widow, Wife, or Maid?

Sir Mart. I can aſſure you, Sir, mine is a Maid;
The Heireſs of a wealthy Family,
Fair to a Miracle.

Sir John. Does ſhe accept your ſervice?

Sir Mart. I am the only perſon in her favour. [*Enter* Warner

Sir John. Is ſhe of Town or Country?

Warn. aſide. How's this?

Sir Mart. She is of *Kent*, near *Canterbury*.

Warn. What does he mean? this is his Rival——— [*Aſide.*

Sir John. Near *Canterbury* ſay you? I have a ſmall Eſtate lies thereabouts, and more concernments than one beſides.

Sir Mart. I'l tell you then, being at *Canterbury*;
It was my Fortune once in the Cathedral Church———

Warn. What do you mean, Sir, to intruſt this man with your Affair thus?———

Sir Mart. Truſt him? why, he's a friend of mine.

Warn. No matter for that; hark you a Word Sir.———

Sir Mart. Prethee leave fooling: — and as I was ſaying— I was in the Church when I firſt ſaw this fair one.

Sir John. Her Name, Sir, I beſeech you.

Warn. For Heaven's ſake, Sir, have a care?

Sir Mart. Thou art ſuch a Coxcomb.----Her name's *Milliſent*.

Warn. Now, the Pox take you Sir, what do you mean?

Sir John. Milliſent ſay you? that's the name of my Miſtreſs.

Sir Mart. Lord! what luck is that now! well Sir, it happen'd, one of her Gloves fell down, I ſtoop'd to take it up; And in the ſtooping made her a Complement.----

Warn. The Devil cannot hold him, now will this thick-ſkull'd Maſter of mine tell the whole ſtory to his Rival----

Sir. Mart. You'l ſay, 'twas ſtrange Sir; but at the firſt glance we caſt on one another, both our hearts leap'd within us, our Souls met at our Eyes, and with a tickling kind of pain ſlid to each others breaſt, and in one moment ſetled as cloſe and warm, as if they long had been acquainted with their lodging. I follow'd her ſomewhat at a diſtance, becauſe her Father was with her.

Warn. Yet

Warn. Yet hold Sir ——

Sir Mart. Sawcy Raſcal, avoid my ſight; Muſt you tutor me? So Sir, not to trouble you, I enquir'd out her Father's Houſe, without whoſe knowledge I did Court the Daughter, and both then and often ſince coming to *Canterbury*, I receiv'd many proofs of her kindneſs to me.

Warn. You had beſt tell him too, that I am acquainted with her Maid, and manage your love under-hand with her.

Sir Mart. Well remember'd i'faith, I thank thee for that, I had forgot it I proteſt! my *Valet de Chambre*, whom you ſee here with me, grows me acquainted with her Woman ——

Warn. O the Devil. ——

Sir Mart. In fine Sir, this Maid being much in her Miſtreſſes favour, ſo well ſollicited my Cauſe, that in fine I gain'd from fair Miſtreſs *Milliſent* an aſſurance of her kindneſs, and an ingagement to marry none but me.

Warn. 'Tis very well! you've made a fair diſcovery! ——

Sir John. A moſt pleaſant Relation I aſſure you: you are a happy man Sir! but, What occaſion brought you now to *London?*

Sir Mart. That was in expectation to meet my Miſtreſs here; ſhe writ me word from *Canterbury*, ſhe and her Father ſhortly would be here.

Sir John. She and her Father, ſaid you Sir?

Warn. Tell him Sir, for Heavens ſake tell him all ——

Sir Mart. So I will Sir, without your bidding: her Father and ſhe are come up already, that's the truth on't, and are to lodge by my Contrivance in yon Houſe; the Maſter of which is a cunning Raſcal as any in Town —— him I have made my own, for I lodge there.

Warn. You do ill, Sir, to ſpeak ſo ſcandalouſly of my Landlord.

Sir Mart. Peace, or I'll break your Fool's head, —— So that by his means I ſhall have free egreſs and regreſs when I pleaſe Sir —— without her Fathers knowledge.

Warn. I am out of patience to hear this. ——

Sir John. Methinks you might do well, Sir, to ſpeak openly to her Father.

Sir Mart.

Sir Mart. Thank you for that i'faith, in ſpeaking to old *Moody* I may ſoon ſpoil all.

Warn. So now he has told her Father's name, 'tis paſt recovery.

Sir John. Is her Fathers name *Moody* ſay you?

Sir Mart. Is he of your acquaintance?

Sir John. Yes Sir, I know him for a man
Who is too wiſe for you to over-reach;
I am certain he will never marry his Daughter
To you.

Sir Mart. Why, there's the jeſt on't:
He ſhall never know it: 'tis but your
Keeping of my Counſel; I'le do as much for you
mun——

Sir John. No Sir, I'le give you better; trouble not your ſelf about this Lady; her affections are otherwiſe engaged to my knowledge — hark in your Ear — her Father hates a Gameſter like a Devil: I'le keep your Counſel for that too.

Sir Mart. Nay but this is not all dear *Sir John.*

Sir John. This is all I aſſure you: only I will make bold
To ſeek your Miſtreſs out another Lodging —— [*Ex.* Sir John.

Warn. Your Affairs are now put into an excellent poſture, Thank your incomparable diſcretion——this was a Stratagem my ſhallow wit could ne're have reach'd, to make a Confident of my Rival.

Sir Mart. I hope thou art not in earneſt man! is he my Rival?

Warn. 'Slife he has not found it out all this while! well. Sir for a quick apprehenſion let you alone.

Sir Mart. How the Devil cam'ſt thou to know, ont? and Why, the Devil didſt thou not tell me ont?

Warn. To the firſt of your Devil's I anſwer, her Maid *Roſe* told me on't: to the ſecond I wiſh a thouſand Devils take him that would not hear me.

Sir Mart. O unparallell'd Misfortune!

Warn. O unparrellell'd ignorance! why he left her Father at the water-ſide, while he lead the Daughter to her Lodging, whither I directed him; ſo that if you had not laboured to the contrary, Fortune had plac'd you in the ſame Houſe with your Miſtreſs, without the leaſt ſuſpicion of your Rival or of her Father,

ther: but, 'tis well, you have ſatisfi'd your talkative humour: *I* hope you have ſome new project of your own to ſet all right agen: for my part I confeſs all my deſigns, for you are wholly ruin'd; the very foundations of 'em are blown up.

Sir Mart. Prethee inſult not over the Deſtiny of a poor undone Lover, I am puniſh'd enough for my indiſcretion in my deſpair, and have nothing to hope for now but death.

Warn. Death is a Bug-word, things are not brought to that extremity, I'll caſt about to ſave all yet.

Enter Lady Dupe.

La. Dupe. O, Sir *Martin!* yonder has been ſuch a ſtir within, Sir *John*, I fear, ſmoaks your deſign, and by all means would have the old man remove his Lodging; pray God your man has not play'd falſe.

Warn. Like enough I have: I am Coxcomb ſufficient to do it, my Maſter knows that none but ſuch a great Calf as I could have done it, ſuch an over-grown Aſs, a ſelf-conceited Ideot as I.--

Sir. Mart. Nay, *Warner*,--

Warn. Pray, Sir, let me alone: ---- what is it to you if I rail upon my ſelf? now could I break my own Loggar-head.

Sir. Mart. Nay, ſweet *Warner*.

Warn. What a good Maſter have *I*, and *I* to ruine him: O Beaſt! ———

La Dupe. Not to diſcourage you wholly, Sir *Martin*, this ſtorm is partly over.

Sir Mart. As how, dear Couſin.

La D. When *I* heard Sir *John* complain of the Landlord, I took the firſt hint of it, and joyn'd with him, ſaying, if ſhe were ſuch an one, I would have nothing to do with him: in ſhort *I* ratled him ſo well, that Sir *John* was the firſt who did deſire they might be lodg'd with me, not knowing that *I* was your Kinſwoman.

Sir Mart. Pox on't, now *I* think on't, I could have found out this my ſelf. ——

Warn. Are you there agen, Sir? — now as I have a Soul—

Sir Mart. Mum, good *Warner*, *I* did but forget my ſelf a little, *I* leave my ſelf wholly to you, and my Couſin; get but my Miſtreſs for me, and claim what e'r reward you can deſire.

Warn. Hope of reward will diligence beget,
Find you the Money, and *I*'l find the wit. [*Exeunt.*

ACT. II.

Enter Lady Dupe, *and Mrs.* Chriſtian.

Chr. IT hapned Madam, juſt as you ſaid it would,
But was he ſo concern'd for my feign'd ſickneſs?

La. D. So much that *Moody* and his Daughter, our new Gueſts, took notice of the trouble, but the Cauſe was kept too cloſe for Strangers to divine.

Chr. Heav'n grant he be but deep enough in love, and then----

La. D. And then thou ſhalt diſtil him into Gold my Girl.
Yonder he comes, I'l not be ſeen:---- you know
Your Leſſon, Child. [*Exit.*

Chr. I warrant you. [*Enter* Lord Dartmouth.

Lord. Pretty Miſtreſs *Chriſtian,*
How glad am I to meet you thus alone!

Chr. O the Father! what will become of me now?

Lord. No harm I warrant you, but why are you ſo fraid?

Chr. A poor weak innocent Creature as I am, Heav'n of his mercy, how I quake and tremble! I have not yet claw'd off your laſt ill uſage, and now I feel my old fit come again, my Ears tingle already, and my back ſhuts and opens; I, juſt ſo it began before.

Lord Nay, my ſweet Miſtreſs, be not ſo unjuſt
To ſuſpect any new attempt:
I am too penitent for my laſt fault,
So ſoon to ſin agen. ----
I hope you did not tell it to your Aunt.

Chr. The more Fool I, I did not.

Lord. You never ſhal repent your goodneſs to me,
But may not I preſume there was ſome little
Kindneſs in it, which mov'd you to conceal my
Crime?

Chr. Methought I would not have mine Aunt angry with you for all this earthly good;

But

But yet I'l never be alone with you agen.

Lord. Pretty Innocence ! let me ſit nearer to you :
You do not underſtand what love I bear you.
I vow it is ſo pure ——
My Soul's not ſully'd with one ſpot of ſin :
Were you a Siſter or a Daughter to me,
With a more holy Flame I could not burn.

Chr. Nay, now you ſpeak high words —— I cannot underſtand you.

Lord. The buſineſs of my life ſhall be but how to make your Fortune, and my care and ſtudy to advance and ſee you ſettled in the World.

Chr. I humbly thank your Lordſhip.

Lord. Thus I would ſacrifice my Life and Fortunes,
And in return you cruelly deſtroy me.

Chr. I never meant you any harm, not I.

Lord. Then what does this white Enemy ſo near me?
Touching her hand Glov'd.
Sure 'tis your Champion, and you arm it thus to bid defiance to me.

Chr. Nay, fye my Lord, in faith you are to blame. } *Pulling her*

Lord. But *I* am for fair Wars, an Enemy muſt firſt } *hand away.*
be ſearch'd for privy Armour e'r we do ingage. } *Pulls at her glove*

Chr. What does your Lordſhip mean?

Lord. *I* fear you bear ſome Spells and Charms about you,
And, Madam, that's againſt the Laws of Arms.

Chr. My Aunt charg'd me not to pull off my Glove for fear of Sun-burning my hand.

Lord. She did well to keep it from your eyes, but *I* will thus preſerve it. *(hugging her bare hand.*

Chr. Why do you cruſh it ſo? nay, now you hurt me, nay —— if you ſqueeze it ne'r ſo hard —— there's nothing to come out on't —— fye —— is this loving one —— What makes you take your breath ſo ſhort?

Lord. The Devil take me if *I* can anſwer her a word,
All my Sences are quite imploy'd another way.

Chr. Ne'r ſtir, my Lord, I muſt cry out ——

Lord. Then *I* muſt ſtop your mouth — this Ruby for a Kiſs —

that is but one Ruby for another.

Chr. This is worſe and worſe.

Lady within. Why Neece, where are you Neece?

Lord. Pox of her old mouldy Chops.

Chr. Do you hear, my Aunt calls? *I* ſhall be hang'd for ſtaying with you —— let me go my Lord. [*Gets from him.*

Enter Lady Dupe.

La. D. My Lord, Heaven bleſs me, what makes your Lordſhip here?

Lord. I was juſt wiſhing for you Madam, your Neece and *I* have been ſo laughing at the blunt humour of your Country-Gentleman, —— *I* muſt go paſs an hour with him. [*Ex* Lord.

Chr. You made a little too much haſte;
I was juſt exchanging a Kiſs for a Ruby.

Lad. No harm done; it will make him come on the faſter:
Never full-gorge an Hawk you mean to fly:
The next will be a Neck-lace of Pearl *I* warrant you.

Chr. But what muſt *I* do next?

La Dupe. Tell him *I* grew ſuſpicious, and examin'd you
Whether he made not Love; which you deny'd.
Then tell him how my Maids and Daughters watch you;
So that you tremble when you ſee his Lordſhip.

Chr. And that your Daughters are ſo envious, that they would raiſe a falſe report to ruine me.

La. D. Therefore you deſire his Lordſhip,
As he loves you, of which you are confident,
Hence-forward to forbear his Viſits to you.

Chr. But how if he ſhould take me at my Word?

La. D. Why, if the worſt come to the worſt, he leaves you an honeſt woman, and there's an end on't: but fear not that, hold out his meſſages, and then he'll write, and that is it my Bird which you muſt drive it to: then all his Letters will be ſuch Extacies, ſuch Vows and Promiſes, which you muſt anſwer ſhort and ſimply, yet ſtill ply out of 'em your advantages.

Chr. But, Madam! he's i'th' houſe, he will not write.

La. D. You Fool--- he'll write from the next Chamber to you. And rather than fail, ſend his Page-Poſt with it upon a Hobby-horſe: —— then grant a Meeting, but tell me of it, and *I'le* prevent

vent him by my being there; he'l curſe me, but *I* care not.
When you are alone, he'l urge his luſt, which anſwer you with ſcorn and anger. ——

Chr. As thus an't pleaſe you, Madam?
What? Does he think I will be damn'd for him?
Defame my Family, ruine my Name,
To ſatisfie his pleaſure?

La Dupe. Then he will be prophane in's Arguments,
Urge Natures Laws to you.

Chr. By'r Lady, and thoſe are ſhrewd Arguments;
But I am reſolved I'l ſtop my Ears.

La Dupe. Then when he ſees no other thing will move you,
He'l ſign a portion to you before hand:
Take hold of that, and then of what you will. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Sir John, *Mrs.* Milliſent, *and* Roſe.

Sir John. Now fair Mrs. *Milliſent*, you ſee your Chamber,
Your Father will be buſie a few minutes, and in the mean time permits me the happineſs to wait on you. ——

Mill. Methinks you might have choſe us better Lodgings,
This houſe is full; the other we ſaw firſt, was more convenient.

Sir John. For you perhaps, but not for me:
You might have met a Lover there, but I a Rival.

Mill. What Rival?

Sir John. You know, Sir *Martin*, I need not name it to you.

Mill. I know more men beſides him.

Sir John. But you love none beſides him: Can you deny your affection to him?

Mill. You have vex'd me ſo, I will not ſatisfie you.

Sir John. Then *I* perceive *I* am not likely to be ſo much oblig'd to you as I was to him.

Mill. This is Romance, —— I'l not believe a word on't. ——

Sir John. That's as you pleaſe: however 'tis believ'd,
His wit will not much credit your choice.
Madam, do juſtice to us both; pay his ingratitude and folly with your ſcorn; my ſervice with your Love.
By this time your Father ſtayes for me: I ſhall be diſcreet enough

to

to keep this fault of yours from him ;
The Lawyers wait for us to draw your Joynture :
And I would beg your pardon for my abſence,
But that my Crime is puniſh'd in it ſelf. [*Exit.*

Mill. Could I ſuſpect this uſage from a favour'd Servant !

Roſe. Firſt hear Sir *Martin* e're you quite condemn him ;
Conſider 'tis a Rival who accus'd him.

Mill. Speak not a word in his behalf : ——
Methought too, Sir *John* call'd him Fool.

Roſe. Indeed he has a rare way of acting a Fool, and does it ſo naturally, it can be ſcarce diſtinguiſh'd.

Mill. Nay, he has wit enough, that's certain.

Roſe. How blind Love is !

Enter Warner.

Mill. How now, what's his buſineſs ?
I wonder after ſuch a Crime,
If his Maſter has the face to ſend him to me.

Roſe. How durſt you venture hither ?
If either Sir *John* or my old Maſter ſee you.

VVarn. Piſh ! they are both gone out.

Roſe. They went but to the next ſtreet ; ten to one but they return and catch you here.

VVarn. Twenty to one I am gone before, and ſave 'um a labour.

Mill. What ſays that Fellow to you ? what buſineſs can he have here ?

VVarn. Lord, that your Ladiſhip ſhould ask that queſtion,
Knowing whom I ſerve !

Mill. I'le hear nothing from your Maſter.

VVarn. Never breathe, but this anger becomes your Ladiſhip moſt admirably ; but though you'l hear nothing from him, I hope I may ſpeak a word or two to you from my ſelf, Madam.

Roſe. 'T was a ſweet Prank your Maſter play'd us : a Lady's well helpt up that truſts her Honour in ſuch a perſons hands : to tell all ſo, — and to his Rival too.
Excuſe him if thou canſt. (*Aſide.*

VVarn. How the Devil ſhould I excuſe him ? thou knoweſt he is the greateſt Fop in Nature —— (*Aſide to* Roſe.

Roſe. But my Lady does not know it ; if ſhe did ——

Mill.

Mill. I'le have no whiſpering.

Warn. Alas, Madam, I have not the confidence to ſpeak out, Unleſs you can take mercy on me.

Mill. For what?

Warn. For telling Sir *John* you lov'd my Maſter, Madam. But ſure I little thought he was his Rival.

Roſe. The witty Rogue has taken't on himſelf. [*Aſide.*

Mill. Your Maſter then is innocent.

Warn. Why, could your Ladyſhip ſuſpect him guilty? Pray tell me, do you think him Ungrateful, or a fool?

Mill. I think him neither.

Warn. Take it from me, you ſee not the depth of him. But when he knows what thoughts you harbour of him, As I am faithful, and muſt tell him, ——— I wiſh he does not take ſome pet, and leave you.

Mill. Thou art not mad I hope, to tell him on't; If thou doſt, I'le be ſworn, I'le forſwear it to him.

Warn. Upon condition then you'l pardon me, I'le ſee what I can do to hold my tongue.

Mill. This Evening in S. *Jame*'s Park I'le meet him. (*Knock*

Warn. He ſhall not fail you, Madam. *within*)

Roſe. Some body knocks —— Oh Madam, what ſhall we do! 'Tis Sir *John*, I hear his voice.

Warn. What will become of me?

Mill. Step quickly behind that Door,

To them Sir John. (*He goes out.*

Mill. You've made a quick diſpatch, Sir.

Sir John. We have done nothing, Madam, our Man of Law was not within, —— but I muſt look ſome Writings.

Mill. Where are they laid?

Sir John. In the Portmanteau in the Drawing-room. (*Is going*

Mill. Pray ſtay a little, Sir.— *to the Door.*)

Warn. at the Door. He muſt paſs juſt by me; and if he ſees me, I am but a dead man.

Sir John. Why are you thus concern'd? why do you hold me?

Mill. Only a word or two I have to tell you.

'Tis

'Tis of importance to you. ——

Sir John. Give me leave. ——

Mill. I muſt not before I diſcover the Plot to you.

Sir John. What Plot?

Mill. Sir *Martins* Servant, like a Rogue, comes hither
To tempt me from his Maſter, to have met him.

Warn. at the Door. Now would I had a good Bag of Gun-powder at my Breech to ram me into ſome hole.

Mill. for my part I was ſo ſtartled at the Meſſage,
That I ſhall ſcarcely be my ſelf theſe two dayes.

Sir John. Oh that I had the Raſcal! I would teach him
To come upon ſuch Errands.

Warn. Oh for a gentle Compoſition now!
An Arm or Leg I would give willingly.

Sir John. What Anſwer did you make the Villain?

Mill. I over-reach'd him clearly, by a Promiſe
Of an appointment of a place I nam'd,
Where I ne'r meant to come: but would have had
The pleaſure firſt to tell you how I ſerv'd him.

Sir John. And then to chide your mean ſuſpicion of me,
Indeed I wonder'd you ſhould love a Fool.
But where did you appoint to meet him?

Mill. In *Grayes-Inn* Walks.

Warn. By this Light, ſhe has put the change upon him!
O ſweet Woman-kind, how I love thee for that heavenly gift of lying!

Sir John. For this even'ng I will be his Miſtreſs;
He ſhall meet another *Penelope* then he ſuſpects.

Mill. But ſtay not long away.

Sir John. You over-joy me, Madam. [*Exit.*

Warn. entring. Is he gone, Madam?

Mill. As far as *Grayes-Inn* Walks: now I have time
To walk the other way, and ſee thy Maſter.

Warn. Rather let him come hither: I have laid
A Plot ſhall ſend his Rival far enough from watching him e'r long.

Mill. Art thou in earneſt?

Warn. 'Tis ſo deſign'd, Fate cannot hinder it.

Our

Our Landlord where we lie, vex'd that his Lodgings ſhould be ſo left by Sir *John*, is reſolv'd to be reveng'd, and I have found the way.

You'l ſee th' effect on't preſently.

Roſe. O Heavens! the door opens agen, and Sir *John* is return'd once more.

Enter Sir John.

Sir John. Ha'ſ my buſineſs was forgot; you did not tell me when you were to meet him. Ho! What makes this Raſcal here?

VVarn. 'Tis well you're come, Sir, elſe I muſt have left untold a Meſſage I have for you.

Sir John. Well, What's your buſineſs, Sirrah?

VVarn. We muſt be private firſt; 'Tis only for your ear.

Roſe. I ſhall admire his wit, if in this plunge he can get off.

VVarn. I came hither, Sir, by my Maſters order.——

Sir John I'l reward you for it, Sirrah, immediately.

VVarn. When you know all, I ſhall deſerve it, Sir;
I came to ſound the Vertue of your Miſtreſs; which I have done ſo cunningly, I have at laſt obtain'd the promiſe of a meeting.
But my good Maſter, whom I muſt confeſs more generous than wiſe, knowing you had a paſſion for her, is reſolv'd to quit:
And, Sir, that you may ſee how much he loves you, ſent me in private to adviſe you ſtill to have an eye upon her actions.

Sir John. Take this Diamond for thy good news;
And give thy Maſter my acknowledgments.

Warn. Thus the World goes, my Maſters, he that will cozen you, commonly gets your good will into the bargain. [*Aſide.*

Sir John. Madam, I am now ſatisfi'd of all ſides; firſt of your truth, then of Sir *Martins* friendſhip.
In ſhort, I find you two cheated each other,
Both to be true to me.

Mill. Warner is got off as I would wiſh, and the Knight overreach'd.

Enter to them the Landlord *diſguis'd like a Carrier.*

Roſe. How now! What would this Carrier have?

Warn. This is our Landlord whom *I* told you of; but keep your Countenance. —— (*Aside to her.*

Landl. *I* was looking here-away for one Sir *John Swallow*; they told me I might hear news of him in this House.

Sir John. Friend, I am the man: What have you to say to me?

Landl. Nay, 'Faith Sir, I am not so good a Schollard to say much, But I have a Letter for you in my Pouch:
There's plaguy news in't, I can tell you that.

Sir John. From whom is your Letter?

Landl. From your old Uncle *Anthony*.

Sir John. Give me your Letter quickly.

Landl. Nay, soft and fair goes far. —— Hold you, hold you. It is not in this Pocket.

Sir John. Search in the other then; *I* stand on Thorns.

Land. I think *I* feel it now, this should be who.

Sir John. Pluck it out then.

Land. I'l puck out my Spectacles and see first. (*Reads.*
To Mr. *Paul Grimbard* —— Apprentice to ——
No, that's not for you, Sir, — that's for the Son of the Brother of the Nephew of the Cousin of my Gossip *Dobson*.

Sir John. Prithee dispatch; do'st thou not know the Contents on't?

Landl. Yes, as well as I do my *Pater Noster*.

Sir John. Well, What's the business on't?

Landl. Nay, no great business; 'tis but only that your Worships Father's dead.

Sir John. My loss is beyond expression! how dy'd he?

Landl. He went to bed as well to see to as any man in *England*, And when he awaken'd the next morning. ——

Sir John. What then?

Landl. He found himself stark dead.

Sir John. Well, *I* must of necessity take orders for my Father's Funeral, and my estate; Heaven knows with what regret *I* leave you, Madam.

Mill. But are you in such haste, Sir? *I* see you take all occasions to be from me.

Sir John. Dear Madam, say not so, a few days will, *I* hope, retain me to you.

To

To them Sir Martin.

Noble Sir *Martin*, the welcomeſt man alive!
Let me embrace my Friend.

Roſe. How untowardly he returns the ſa'ute! *Warner* will be found out. [*aſide.*

Sir John. Well friend! you have oblig'd me to you eternally.

Sir Mart. How have I oblig'd you, Sir? I would have you to know I ſcorn your words; and I would I were hang'd, if it be not the fartheſt of my thoughts.

Mill. O cunning Youth, he acts the Fool moſt naturally. Were we alone, how would we laugh together? [*aſide.*

Sir John. This is a double generoſity,
To do me favours and conceal 'um from me;
But honeſt *Warner* here has told me all.

Sir Mart. What has the Raſcal told you?

Sir John. Your plot to try my Miſtreſs for me — you underſtand me, concerning your appointment.

Warn. Sir, I deſire to ſpeak in private with you.

Sir Mart. This impertinent Raſcal, when I am moſt buſie, I am ever troubled with him.

Warn. But it concerns you I ſhould ſpeak with you, good Sir.

Sir Mart. That's a good one i'faith, thou know'ſt breeding well, that I ſhould whiſper with a Serving-man before company.

Warn. Remember, Sir, laſt time it had been better——

Sir Mart. Peace, or I'le make you feel my double Fiſts;
If I don't fright him, the ſawcy Rogue will call me fool before the Company.

Mill. That was acted moſt naturally again. [*aſide.*

Sir John. to him. But what needs this diſſembling, ſince you are Reſolv'd to quit my Miſtreſs to me?

Sir Mart. I quit my Miſtreſs! that's a good one i'faith.

Mill. Tell him you have forſaken me. (*aſide.*

Sir Mart. I underſtand you, Madam, you would ſave
A quarrel; but i'faith I'm not ſo baſe:
I'le ſee him hang'd firſt.

Warn. Madam, my Maſter is convinc'd, in prudence

He ſhould ſay ſo: but Love o'remaſters him;
When you are gone perhaps he may.

Mill. I'le go then: Gentlemen, your Servant;
I ſee my preſence brings conſtraint to the Company.

Exeunt Mill. Roſe.

Sir John. I'm glad ſhe's gone; now we may talk more freely;
For if you have not quitted her, you muſt.

Warn. Pray, Sir, remember your ſelf; did not you ſend me of a meſſage to Sir *John*, that for his friendſhip you had left Miſtreſs *Milliſent*.

Sir Mart. Why, what an impudent lying Rogue art thou!

Sir John. How's this! has *Warner* cheated me?

Warn. Do not ſuſpect it in the leaſt: you know, Sir,
It was not generous before a Lady,
To ſay he quitted her.

Sir John. O! was that it?

Warn. That was all I ſay, Yes good Sir *John* —— or I'le ſwinge you. [*aſide*

Sir Mart. Yes, good Sir *John*.

Warn. That's well, once in his life he has heard good counſel.

Sir Mart. Heigh, Heigh, what makes my Landlord here? he has put on a Fools Coat I think to make us laugh.

Warn. The Devil's in him; he's at it again; his folly's like a ſore in a ſurfeited Horſe; cure it in one place, and it breaks out in another.

Sir Mart. Honeſt Landlord i'faith, and what make you here?

Sir John. Are you acquainted with this honeſt man?

Landl. Take heed what you ſay, Sir. [*To Sir* Martin *ſoftly.*

Sir Mart. Take heed what I ſay, Sir, why? who ſhould I be afraid of? of you, Sir? I ſay, Sir, I know him, Sir; and I have reaſon to know him, Sir, for I am ſure I lodge in his Houſe, Sir, -- nay never think to terrifie me, Sir; 'tis my Landlord here in *Charles* Street, Sir.

Land. Now I expect to be paid for the News I brought him.

Sir John. Sirrah, did not you tell me that my Father ——

Land. Is in very good health, for ought I know, Sir; I beſeech you to trouble your ſelf no farther concerning him.

Sir John. Who ſet you on to tell this lye?

Sir.

Sir Mart. I, who ſet you on Sirrah? this was a Rogue that would cozen us both; he thought I did not know him: down on your marribones and confeſs the truth: have you no tongue you Raſcal?

Sir John. Sure 'tis ſome ſilenc'd Miniſter: he's grown ſo fat he cannot ſpeak.

Land. Why, Sir, if you would know, 'twas for your ſake I did it.

Warn. For my Maſters ſake! why you impudent Varlet, do you think to 'ſcape us with a lye?

Sir John. How was it for his ſake?

Warn. 'Twas for his own, Sir; he heard you were th'occaſion the Lady lodg'd not at his Houſe, and ſo he invented this lye; partly ro revenge himſelf of you; and partly, I believe, in hope to get her once again when you were gone.

Sir John. Fetch me a Cudgel prithee.

Land. O good Sir! if you beat me I ſhall run into oyl immediately,

Warn. Hang him Rogue; he's below your anger: I'le maul him for you — the Rogue's ſo big, I think 'twill ask two days to beat him all over. [*Beats him.*

Land. O Rogue, O Villain *Warner!* bid him hold
And I'le confeſs, Sir.

Warn. Get you gone without replying: muſt ſuch as you be prating? [*Beats him out.*

Enter Roſe. Sir, Dinner waits you on the Table.

Sir John. Friend will you go along, and take part of a bad Repaſt?

Sir Mart. Thank you; but I am juſt riſen from Table.

Warn. Now he might ſit with his Miſtreſs, and has not the wit to find it out.

Sir John. You ſhall be very welcome.

Sir Mart. I have no ſtomach, Sir.

Warn. Get you in with a vengeance: you have a better ſtomack than you think you have. [*Puſhes him.*

Sir Mart. This hungry *Diego* Rogue would ſhame me;
He thinks a Gentleman can eat like a Servingman.

Sir John. If you will not, adieu dear Sir;

In

In any thing command me: [*Exit.*

Sir Mart. Now we are alone; han't I carry'd matters bravely, Srrah.

Warn. O yes, yes, you deſerve Sugar Plums; firſt for Your quarrelling with *Sir John*; then for diſcovering your Landlord, and laſtly for refuſing to dine with your Miſtreſs: All this is ſince the laſt reckoning was wip'd out.

Sir Mart. Then why did my Landlord diſguiſe himſelf, to make a Fool of us?

Warn. You have ſo little Brains, that a Penn'orth of Butter melted under 'um, would ſet 'um afloat: he put on that diſguiſe to rid you of your Rival.

Sir Mart. Why, Was not I worthy to keep your counſel then?

Warn. It had been much at one: you would but have drunk the ſecret down, and piſs'd it out to the next company.

Sir Mart. Well, *I* find *I* am a miſerable man: I have loſt my Miſtreſs, and may thank my ſelf for't.

Warn. You'l not confeſs you are a fool, I warrant.

Sir Mart. Well *I* am a fool, if that will ſatisfie you: but What am *I* the nearer for being one?

Warn. O yes, much the nearer; for now Fortune's bound to provide for you; As Hoſpita's are built for lame people, becauſe they cannot help themſelves.
Well; *I* have yet a project in my pate.

Sir Mart. Dear Rogue, What is't?

Warn. Excuſe me for that: but while 'tis ſet a working You would do well to ſcrue your ſelf into her Fathers good opinion.

Sir Mart. If you will not tell me, my mind gives me *I* ſhall diſcover it again.

Warn. I'l lay it as far out of your reach as I can poſſible.
—— For ſecrets are edg'd Tools,
And muſt be kept from Children and from Fools. (*Exeunt.*

ACT.

ACT. III.

Enter Roſe *and* Warner *meeting.*

Roſe. YOur Worſhip's moſt happily encounter'd.

Warn. Your Ladiſhip's moſt fortunately met.

Roſe. I was going to your Lodging.

Warn. My buſineſs was to yours.

Roſe. I have ſomething to ſay to you that——

Warn. I have that to tell you——

Roſe. Underſtand then ——

Warn. If you'l hear me——

Roſe. I believe that ——

Warn. I am of opinion that——

Roſe. Prithee hold thy peace a little till *I* have done.

Warn. Cry you mercy, Miſtreſs *Roſe*, I'l not diſpute your ancient priviledges of talking.

Roſe. My Miſtreſs, knowing Sir *John* was to be abroad upon buſineſs this Afternoon, has asked leave to ſee a Play: and Sir *John* has ſo great a confidence of your Maſter, that he will truſt nobody with her, but him.

Warn. If my Maſter gets her out, *I* warrant her, he ſhall ſhow her a better Play than any is at either of the Houſes — here they are: I'le run and prepare him to wait upon her. (*Exit.*

Enter Old Moody, *Miſtreſs* Milleſent, *and Lady* Dupe.

Mill. My Hoods and Scarfs there, quickly.

La. Send to call a Coach there.

Mood. But what kind of man is this Sir *Martin*, with whom you are to go ?

La. A plain down-right Country Gentleman, I aſſure you.

Mood. I like him much the better for't.

For *I* hate one of thoſe you call a man o'th' Town,
One of thoſe empty fellows of meer out-ſide:
They've nothing of the true old Engliſh manlineſs.

Roſe.

Roſe. I confeſs, Sir, a Woman's in a ſad condition, that has nothing to truſt to, but a Perriwig above, and a well trim'd ſhoe below.

To them Sir Martin.

Mill. This, Sir, is Sir *John*'s friend, he is for your humour, Sir, He is no man o'th' Town, but bred up in the old *Elizabeth* way of plainneſs.

Sir Mart. I, Madam, your Ladiſhip may ſay your pleaſure of me.

To them Warner.

Warn. How the Devil got he here before me! 'Tis very unlucky I could not ſee him firſt ——

Sir Mart. But, as for Painting, Muſick, Poetry, and the like, I'l ſay this of my ſelf ——

Warn. I'l ſay that for him, my Maſter underſtands none of 'um, I aſſure you, Sir.

Sir Mart. You impudent Raſcal, hold your Tongue: I muſt rid my hands of this fellow; the Rogue is ever diſcrediting me before Company.

Moody. Never trouble yourſelf about it, Sir, for I like a man that ——

Sir Mart. I know you do, Sir, and therefore I hope you'll think never the worſe of me for his prating: for, though I do not boaſt of my own good parts ——

Warn. He has none to boaſt of, upon my faith, Sir.

Sir Mart. Give him not the hearing, Sir; for, if I may believe my friends, they have flatter'd me with an opinion of more----

Warn. Of more than their flattery can make good, Sir; --- 'tis true he tells you, they have flatter'd him; but, in my Conſcience he is the moſt downright ſimple natur'd creature in the world.

Sir Mart. I ſhall conſider you hereafter Sirrah; but I am ſure in all Companies I paſs for a *Vertuoſo.*

Mood. Vertuoſo! What's that too? is not *Vertue* enough without *O ſo?*

Sir Mart. You have Reaſon, Sir!

Mood. There he is again too; the Town Phraſe, a great Compliment I wiſs; you have Reaſon, Sir; that is, you are no beaſt, Sir.

Warn.

Warn. A word in private, Sir; you miſtake this old man; he loves neither Painting, Muſick, nor Poetry; yet recover your ſelf, if you have any brains. (*aſide to him.*

Sir *Mart.* Say you ſo? I'le bring all about again I warrant you —— I beg your pardon a thouſand times Sir; I vow to Gad I am not Maſter of any of thoſe perfections; for in fine, Sir, I am wholly ignorant of Painting, Muſick, and Poetry; Only ſome rude eſcapes —— but, in fine, they are ſuch, that, In fine, Sir ——

Warn. This is worſe than all the reſt. (*aſide.*

Mood. By Coxbones one word more of all this Gibberiſh, and old Madge ſhall fly about your ears: What is this *in fine* he keeps ſuch a coil with too?

Mill. 'Tis a Phraſe *a-la-mode,* Sir, and is us'd in converſation now, as a whiff of Tobacco was formerly, in the midſt of a diſcourſe, for a thinking while.

La. In plain Engliſh, *in fine,* is in the end, Sir.

Mood. But by Coxbones there is no end on't me thinks: if thou wilt have a fooliſh word to lard thy lean diſcourſe with, take an Engliſh one when thou ſpeakeſt Engliſh; as So Sir, and Then Sir, and ſo forth; 'tis a more manly kind of nonſence: and a Pox of *In fine,* for I'l hear no more on't.

Warn. He's gravell'd, and I muſt help him out. (*Aſide.* Madam, there's a Coach at Door to carry you to the Play.

Sir *Mart.* Which Houſe do you mean to go to?

Mill. The Dukes, I think.

Sir Mart. It is a damn'd Play, and has nothing in't.

Mill. Then let us to the Kings.

Sir Mart. That's e'ne as bad.

Warn. This is paſt enduring. (*aſide.* There was an ill Play ſet up, Sir, on the Poſts, but I can aſſure you the Bills are altered ſince you ſaw 'um, and now there are two admirable Comedies at both Houſes.

Mood. But my Daughter loves ſerious Plays.

Warn. They are Tragi-Comedies, Sir, for both.

Sir Mart. I have heard her ſay ſhe loves none but Tragedies.

Mood. Where have you heard her ſay ſo, Sir?

Warn. Sir you forget your ſelf, you never ſaw her in your life before.

Sir Mart. What not at *Canterbury*, in the Cathedral Church there? this is the impudenteſt Raſcal ——

Warn. Mum, Sir ——

Sir Mart. Ah Lord, what have I done! as I hope to be ſav'd, Sir, it was before I was aware; for if ever I ſet eyes on her before this day——I wiſh ——

Mood. This fellow is not ſo much fool, as he makes one believe he is.

Mill. I thought he would be diſcovered for a wit: this 'tis to over-act ones part! (*aſide.*

Mood. Come away Daughter. I will not truſt you in his hands; there's more in't than I imagin'd.

Exeunt Moody, Mill. Lady, Roſe.

Sir Mart. Why do you frown upon me ſo, when you know your looks go to the heart of me; what have I done beſides a little *lapſus linguæ?*

Warn. Why, who ſayes you have done any thing? you, a meer Innocent.

Sir Mart. As the Child's that be born in my intentions; If I know how I have offended my ſelf any more than in one word.----

Warn. But don't follow me however —— I have nothing to ſay to you.

Sir Mart. I'le follow you to the worlds end, till you forgive me.

Warn. I am reſolv'd to lead you a Dance then. [*Exit running.*

Sir Mart. The Rogue has no mercy in him, but I muſt mollifie him with money. *Exit.*

Enter old La. Truly my little Couſin's the apteſt Scholar, and takes out loves leſſons ſo exactly that I joy to ſee it: ſhe has got already the Bond of two thouſand pounds ſeal'd for her Portion, which I keep for her; a pretty good beginning: 'tis true, I believe he has enjoy'd her, and ſo let him; *Mark Anthony* wooed not at ſo dear a price.

To her Chr. O Madam, I fear I am breeding!

La. A taking Wench! but 'tis no matter; have you told any body?

Chr. I have been venturing upon your foundations, a little to diſſemble.

La. That's a good Child, I hope it will thrive with thee, as it has with me: Heaven has a bleſſing in ſto. e upon our endeavours.

Chr.

Chr. I feign'd my ſelf ſick, and kept my bed; my Lord, he came to viſit me, and in the end I diſclos'd it to him in the ſaddeſt paſſion.

La. This frighted him, I hope, into a ſtudy how to cloak your diſgrace, leſt it ſhould have vent to his Lady.

Chr. 'Tis true; but all the while *I* ſubt'ly drove it, that he ſhould name you to me as the fitteſt inſtrument of the concealment; but how to break it to you, ſtrangely does perplex him: he has been ſeeking you all o'r the houſe; therefore I'l leave your Ladiſhip, for fear we ſhould be ſeen together. (*Exit.*

La. Now *I* muſt play my part;
Nature, in Women, teaches more than Art.

Enter Lord.

Lord. Madam, *I* have a Secret to impart.
A ſad one too, and have no friend to truſt but only you.

La. Your Lady or your Children ſick?

Lord. Not that I know.

La. You ſeem to be in health.

Lord. In body, not in mind.

La. Some ſcruple of Conſcience, I warrrant; my Chaplain ſhall reſolve you.

Lord. Madam, my Soul's tormented.

La. O take heed of deſpair, my Lord!

Lord. Madam, there is no Medicine for this ſickneſs, but only you; your friendſhip's my ſafe Haven, elſe I am loſt and ſhipwrack'd.

La. Pray tell me what it is.

Lord. Could I expreſs it by ſad ſighs and groans,
Or drown it with my ſelf in Seas of Tears,
I ſhou'd be happy, wou'd, and would not tell.

La. Command whatever I can ſerve you in,
I will be faithful ſtill to all your ends, provided they be juſt and vertuous.

Lord. That word has ſtopt me.

La. Speak out, my Lord, and boldly tell what 'tis.

Lord. Then in obedience to your Commands; your Couſin is with Child.

La. Which Couſin?

Lord. Your Couſin *Chriſtian*'s here ith' houſe.

La. Alaſs then ſhe has ſtoln a Marriage, and undone her ſelf: Some young Fellow, on my Conſcience, that's a Beggar; Youth will not be adviſ'd; well, I'l never meddle more with Girls; One is no more aſſur'd of 'um than Grooms of Mules, they'l ſtrike when leaſt one thinks on't: but pray your Lordſhip, what is her choice then for an Husband?

Lord. She is not married that I know of, Madam.

La. Not married! 'tis impoſſible, the Girl does ſure abuſe you. *I* know her Education has been ſuch, the fleſh could not prevail; therefore ſhe does abuſe you, it muſt be ſo.

Lord. Madam, not to abuſe you longer, ſhe is with Child, and I the unfortunate man who did this moſt unlucky act.

La. You! I'l never believe it.

Lord. Madam, 'tis too true; believe it, and be ſerious how to hide her ſhame; I beg it here upon my knees.

La. Oh, oh, oh.—— [*She faints away.*

Lord. Who's there? Whoſe there? help, help, help.

Enter two VVomen, Roſe, Penelope.

1 *VVom.* O merciful God, my Lady's gone!

2 *VVom.* Whither?

1 *VVom.* To Heaven, God knows, to Heaven.

Roſe. Rub her, rub her; fetch warm Cloaths.

2 *VVom.* *I* ſay, run to the Cabinet of Quinteſſence; *Gilberts* Water, *Gilberts* Water.

1 *Wom.* Now all the good Folks of heaven look down upon her.

Mill. Set her in the Chair.

Roſe. Open her mouth with a Dagger or a Key; pour, pour, Where's the Spoon?

2 *Wom.* She ſtirs, ſhe revives, merciful to us all, what a thing was this! ſpeak, Lady, ſpeak.

La. So, ſo, ſo.

Mill. Alas, my Lord, How came this fit?

Lord. With Sorrow, Madam.

La. Now *I* am better: *Beſs*, you have not ſeen me thus.

1 *Wom.* Heav'n forefend that *I* ſhould live to ſee you ſo agen.

La.

La. Go, go, I'm pretty well; withdraw into the next Room but be near *I* pray, for fear of the worſt. (*They go out.*
——My Lord, ſit down near me I pray, *I*'le ſtrive to ſpeak a few words to you, and then to Bed,—— nearer, my voice is faint.—— My Lord, Heaven knows how *I* have ever lov'd you; and, *I*s this my reward? Had you none to abuſe but me in that unfortunate fond Girl that you know was dearer to me than my life? this was not love to her, but an inveterate malice to poor me. Oh, oh. —— (*Faints again.*

Lord. Help, help, help.

All the Women again.

1 *Wom.* This fit will carry her: alaſs it is a Lechery!

2 *wom.* The Balſom, the Balſom!

1 *VVoman.* No no, the Chymiſtry Oyl of Roſemary: hold her up, and give her Air.

Mill. Feel whether ſhe breathes, with your hand before her Mouth.

Roſe No, Madam, 'tis Key-cold.

1 *VVom.* Look up, dear Madam, if you have any hope of Salvation!

2 *VVom.* Hold up your finger, Madam, if you have any hope of Fraternity. O the bleſſed Saints that hear me not, take her Mortality to them.

La. Enough, ſo, 'tis well, —— withdraw, and let me reſt a while; only my dear Lord remain.

1 *VVom.* Pray your Lordſhip keep her from ſwebbing.
(*Exeunt VVomen.*

Lord. Here humbly once again, *I* beg your pardon and your help.

La. Heaven forgive you, and *I* do: ſtand up, my Lord, and ſit cloſe by me: O this naughty Girl! but did your Lordſhip win her ſoon?

Lord. No, Madam, but with much difficulty.

La. *I*'m glad on't; it ſhew'd the Girl had ſome Religion in her, all my Precepts were not in vain: but you men are ſtrange tempters; good my Lord, where was this wicked act then firſt committed?

Lord. In an out-room upon a Trunk.

La. Poor Heart, what ſhift Love makes! Oh ſhe does love you dearly, though to her ruine! and then what place, my Lord?

Lord. An old waſte Room, with a decay'd Bed in't.

La. Out upon that dark Room for deeds of darkneſs! and that rotten Bed! I wonder it did hold your Lordſhips vigour: but you dealt gently with the Girl. Well, you ſhall ſee I love you: for I will manage this buſineſs to both your advantages, by the aſſiſtance of Heaven I will; good my Lord help, lead me out.

[*Exeunt.*

Warner, Roſe.

Roſe. A miſchief upon all Fools! do you think your Maſter has not done wiſely? firſt to miſtake our old mans humour, then to diſpraiſe the Plays; and laſtly, to diſcover his Acquaintance with my Miſtreſs: my old Maſter has taken ſuch a Jealouſie of him, that he will never admit him into his ſight again.

Warn. Thou mak'ſt thy ſelf a greater Fool than he by being angry at what he cannot help---- I have been angry with him too; but theſe friends have taken up the quarrel.----(*Shews Gold.* Look you he has ſent theſe Mediators to mitigate your wrath: here are twenty of 'um have made a long Voyage from *Guinny* to kiſs your hands: and when the Match is made, there are an hundred more in readineſs to be your humble Servants.

Roſe. Rather then fall out with you, I'l take u'm; but I confeſs it troubles me to ſee ſo loyal a Lover have the heart of an Emperour, and yet ſcarce the brains of a Cobler.

Warn. Well, what device can we two beget betwixt us, to ſeparate Sir *John Swallow* and thy Miſtreſs?

Roſe. I cannot on the ſudden tell; but I hate him worſe than foul weather without a Coach.

Warn. Then I'l ſee if my project will be luckier than thine. Where are the Papers concerning the Joynture I have heard you ſpeak of?

Roſe. They lie within in three great Bags, ſome twenty Reams of Paper in each Bundle, with ſix lines in a ſheet: but there is a little Paper where all the buſineſs lies.

Warn. Where is it? Canſt thou help me to it?

Roſe. By good chance he gave it to my cuſtody before he ſet out for *London.* You came in good time, here it is, I was carrying it to him; juſt now he ſent for it.

Warn.

Warn. So, this I will ſecure in my Pocket: when thou art ask'd for it, make two or three bad faces, and ſay, 'twas left behind: by this means he muſt of neceſſity leave the Town, to ſee for it in *Kent*.

Enter Sir John, *Sir* Martin, *Mrs.* Mill.

Sir *John.* 'Tis no matter, though the old man be ſuſpicious; I knew the ſtory all before-hand; and ſince then you have fully ſatisfi'd me of your true friendſhip to me —— Where are the Writings? [*To* Roſe.

Roſe. Sir, I beg your pardon; I thought I had put 'um up amongſt my Ladies things, and it ſeems in my haſte I quite forgot 'um; and left 'um at *Canterbury*.

Sir *John.* This is horribly unlucky! Where do you think you left 'um?

Roſe. Upon the great Box in my Ladies Chamber; they are ſafe enough I'm ſure.

Sir *John.* It muſt be ſo —— I muſt take Poſt immediately:
Madam, for ſome few dayes I muſt be abſent;
And to confirm you, friend, how much I truſt you,
I leave the deareſt Pledge I have on Earth,
My Miſtreſs, to your care.

Mill. If you lov'd me, you would not take all occaſions to leave me thus!

Warn. aſide. Do, go to *Kent*, and when you come again,
Here they are ready for you. [*Shows the Paper.*

Sir *Mart.* What's that you have in your hand there, Sirrah?

Warn. Pox, What ill luck was this! What ſhall I ſay?

Sir *Mart.* Sometimes you've tongue enough, what, are you ſilent?

Warn. 'Tis an Accompt, Sir, of what Money you have loſt ſince you came to Town.

Sir *Mart.* I'm very glad on't: now I'l make you all ſee the ſeverity of my Fortune, ——give me the Paper.

Warn. Heaven! What does he mean to do? it is not fair writ out, Sir;

Sir

Sir *John*. Besides, *I* am in haste, another time, Sir. ——

Sir *Mart*. Pray, oblige me, Sir, —— 'tis but one minute: all people love to be pitty'd in their Misfortunes, and so do I: will you produce it, Sirrah?

Warn. Dear Master!

Sir *Mart*. Dear Rascal! am I Master or you? you Rogue!

Warn. Hold yet, Sir, and let me read it: —— you cannot read my hand.

Sir *Mart*. This is ever his way to be disparaging me, —— but *I*'le let you see, Sirrah, that *I* can read your hand better than you your self can.

Warn. You'l repent it, there's a trick in't, Sir. ——

Sir *Mart*. *I*s there so, Sirrah? but *I*'le bring you out of all your Tricks with a Vengeance to you. —— [*Reads*.

How now! What's this? A true particular of the Estate of Sir *John Swallow* Knight, lying and scituate in, *&c*.

Sir *John*. This is the very Paper *I* had lost: *I*'m very glad on't, it has sav'd me a most unwelcome journey, — [*Takes the Paper*.

but *I* will not thank you for the Courtesie, which now *I* find you never did intend me — this is Confederacy, *I* smoak it now — Come, Madam, let me wait on you to your Father.

Mill. Well, of a witty man, this was the foolishest part that ever *I* beheld.

(*Exeunt Sir* John, Millisent, *and* Rose.

Sir *Mart*. *I* am a Fool, *I* must confess it, and *I* am the most miserable one without thy help, —— but yet it was such a mistake as any man might have made.

Warn. No doubt on't.

Sir *Mart*. Prethee chide me! this indifference of thine wounds me to the heart.

Warn. *I* care not.

Sir *Mart*. Wilt thou not help me for this once?

Warn. Sir, *I* kiss your hands, *I* have other business.

Sir *Mart*. Dear *Warner*!

Warn. *I* am inflexible.

Sir *Mart*. Then *I* am resolv'd *I*'l kill my self.

Warn. You are Master of your own Body.

Sir *Mart*. Will you let me damn my Soul?

Warn,

Warn. At your pleaſure, as the Devil and you can agree about it.

Sir *Mart.* D'ye ſee the points ready? Will you do nothing to ſave my life?

Warn. Not in the leaſt.

Sir *Mart.* Farewell, hard-harted *Warner.*

Warn. Adieu ſoft-headed Sir *Martin.*

Sir *Mart.* Is it poſſible?

Warn. Why don't you diſpatch, Sir? Why all theſe Preambles?

Sir *Mart.* I'l ſee thee hang'd firſt: I know thou wou'dſt have me kill'd, to get my Cloaths.

Warn. I knew it was but a Copy of your Countenance; people in this Age are not ſo apt to kill themſelves.

Sir *Mart.* Here are yet ten Pieces in my Pocket, take 'em, and let's be friends.

Warn. You know the Eaſineſs of my Nature, and that makes you work upon it ſo. Well, Sir, — for this once I caſt an Eye of pity on you,—but I muſt have ten more in hand, before I can ſtir a foot.

Sir Mart. As I am a true Gameſter, *I* have loſt all but theſe, —but if thou'lt lend me them, I'l give 'em thee agen.

Warn. I'l rather truſt you till to morrow;
Once more look up, *I* bid you hope the beſt.
Why ſhould your folly make your Love miſcarry,
Since men firſt play the Fools, and then they marry? [*Exeunt.*

ACT. IV.

Enter Sir Martin *and* Warner.

Sir Mart. BUT are they to be married this day in private, say you?

Warn. 'Tis so concluded, Sir, I dare assure you.

Sir Mart. But why so soon, and in private?

Warn. So soon to prevent the designs upon her; and in private, to save the effusion of Christian Money.

Sir Mart. It strikes to my heart already; in fine, I am a dead man.——*Warner.*

Warn. Well, go your ways, I'le try what may be done. Look if he will stir now; your Rival and the Old man will see us together, we are just below the Window.

Sir Mart. Thou can'st not do't.

Warn. On the peril of my twenty pieces be it.

Sir Mart. But I have found a way to help thee out, trust to my wit but once.

Warn. Name your wit, or think you have the least grain of wit once more, and I'le lay it down for ever.

Sir Mart. You are a sawcy masterly Companion, and so I leave you. [*Exit.*

Warn. Help, help, good People, Murther, Murther!

Enter Sir John *and* Mood.

Sir John and Moody, How now, what's the matter?

Warn. I am abus'd, I am beaten, I am lam'd for ever.

Mood. Who has us'd thee so?

Warn. The Rogue my Master.

Sir John. What was the Offence?

Warn. A trifle, just nothing.

Sir John. That's very strange.

Warn. It was for telling him he lost too much at Play; I meant

meant him nothing but well, Heaven knows, and he in a curſed damn'd humour would needs revenge his loſſes upon me: A' kick'd me, took away my money, and turn'd me off; but if I take it at his hands——

Mood. By Cox nowns it was an ill-natur'd part, nay, I thought no better could come on't, when I heard him at his Vow to Gads, and in fines.

Warn. But if I live I'll cry quittance with him: he had engag'd me to get Mrs. *Milliſent* your Daughter for him; but if I do not all that ever I can to make her hate him, a great Booby, an overgrown Oafe, a conceited *Bartlemew.*——

Sir John. Prithee leave off thy Choler, and hear me a little: I have had a great mind to thee a long time, if thou think'ſt my Service better than his, from this minute I entertain thee.

Warn. With all my heart, Sir, and ſo much the rather, that I may ſpight him with it.—— This was the moſt propitious Fate.——

Mood. Propitious! and Fate! what a damn'd Scander-bag-Rogue art thou to talk at this rate! hark you, Sirrah, one word more of this Gibberiſh, and I'll ſet you packing from your new Service; I'll have neither Propitious nor Fate come within my doors.——

Sir John. Nay, pray Father.——

Warn. Good old Sir be pacified I was pouring out a little of the dregs that I had left in me of my former Service, and now they are gone, my ſtomachs clear of 'em.

Sir John This Fellow is come in a happy hour; for now, Sir, you and I may go to prepare the Licence, and in the mean time he may have an Eye upon your Daughter.

Warn. If you pleaſe I'll wait upon her till ſhe's ready, and then bring her to what Church you ſhall appoint.

Mood. But, Friend, you'l find ſhe'l hang an Arſe, and be very loth to come along with you, and therefore I had beſt ſtay behind, and bring her my ſelf.

Warn. I warrant you I have a trick for that, Sir, ſhe knows nothing of my being turn'd away: So I'll come to her as from Sir *Martin*, and under pretence of carrying her to him, conduct her to you,

Sir John. My better Angel ——

Mood. By th' mess 'twas well thought on; well Son, go you before, I'l speak but one word for a Dish or two at Dinner, and follow you to the Licence-Office. Sirrah — stay you here —— till my return. [*Ex. Sir* John *and* Moody.

VVarn. solus. Was there ever such a lucky Rogue as I! I had alwayes a good opinion of my wit, but could never think I had so much as now I find. I have now gain'd an opportunity to carry away Mistress *Millisent* for my Master, to get his Mistress by means of his Rival, to receive all his happiness, where he could expect nothing but misery: after this exploit I will have *Lilly* draw me in the Habit of a Hero, with a Lawrel on my Temples, and an Inscription below it, *This is* Warner *the flower of Servingmen.*

Enter Messenger.

Mess. Pray do me the favour to help me to the speech of Mr. *Moody.*

VVarn. What's your business?

Mess. I have a Letter to deliver to him.

Warn. Here he comes, you may deliver it your self to him.

Mess. Sir, a Gentleman met me at the Corner of the next Street, and bid me give this into your own hands.

Mood. Stay friend, till *I* have read it.

Mess. He told me, Sir, it required no Answer. (*Ex.* Mess.

Mood. reads. *Sir, permit me, though a stranger, to give you counsel; some young Gallants have had intelligence, that this day you intend privately to Marry your Daughter the rich Heiress; and in fine, above twenty of them have dispersed themselves to watch her going out: therefore put it off, if you will avoid mischief, and be advised by*

Your unknown Servant.

Mood. By the Mackings, *I* thought there was no good in't, when *I* saw *in fine* there; there are some Papishes, *I*'l warrant, that lie in wait for my Daughter, or else they are no Englishmen, but some of your French Outalion-Rogues; *I* owe him Thanks how-

however, this unknown Friend of mine, that told me on't. *Warner*, no Wedding to day, *Warner*.

Warn. Why, What's the matter, Sir?

Mood. I ſay no more, but ſome wiſer than ſome, I'l keep my Daughter at home this Afternoon, and a fig for all theſe Outalians. [*Exit* Moody.

Warn. So, here's another Trick of Fortune as unexpected for bad, as the other was for good. Nothing vexes me, but that I had made my Game-Cock-ſure, and then to be back-gammon'd: it muſt needs be the Devil that writ this Letter, he ow'd my Maſter a ſpight, and has paid him to the purpoſe: and here he comes as merry too, he little thinks what misfortune has befal'n him, and for my part I am aſham'd to tell him. [*Enter Sir* Martin *laughing.*]

Sir Mart. Warner, ſuch a Jeſt, *Warner*. [*Laughs agen.*

Warn. What a Murrain is the matter, Sir? Where lies this Jeſt that tickles you?

Sir Mart. Let me laugh out my laugh, and I'l tell thee. (*Laughs* agen.

Warn. I wiſh you may have cauſe for all this mirth.

Sir Mart. Hereafter, *Warner*, be it known unto thee, I will endure no more to be thy May-game: thou ſhal't no more dare to tell me, I ſpoil thy projects, and diſcover thy deſigns; for I have play'd ſuch a Prize, without thy help, of my own Mother-wit ('tis true I am haſty ſometimes, and ſo do harm; but when I have a mind to ſhew my ſelf, there's no man in *England*, though I ſay't, comes near me as to point of imagination) I'l make thee acknowledge I have laid a Plot that has a Soul in't.

Warn. Pray, Sir, keep me no longer in ignorance of this rare Invention.

Sir. Mart. Know then, *Warner*, that when I left thee, I was poſſeſt with a terrible fear, that my Miſtreſs ſhould be married: well, thought I to my ſelf, and muſt'ring up all the Forces of my Wit, I did produce ſuch a ſtratagem,

Warn. But what was it?

Sir Mart. I feign'd a Letter as from an unknown Friend to *Moody*, wherein I gave him to underſtand, that if his Daughter went out this Afternoon, ſhe would infallibly be ſnapt by ſome young

young Fellows that lay in wait for her.

Warn. Very good.

Sir Mart. That which follows is yet better; for he I ſent aſſures me, that in that very nick of time my Letter came, her Father was juſt ſending her abroad with a very fooliſh raſcally fellow that was with him.

Warn. And did you perform all this a'gods name? could you do this wonderful miracle without your ſoul to the Devil for his help?

Sir Mart. I tell thee man I did it, and it was done by the help of no Devil, but this familiar of my own brain; how long would it have been e're thou couldeſt have thought of ſuch a project? *Martin* ſaid to his man, *Who's the Fool now?*

Warn. Who's the fool? why who uſe to be the fool? he that ever was ſince I knew him, and ever will be ſo!

Sir Mart. What a Pox? I think thou art grown envious, not one word in my commendations?

Warn. Faith Sir, my skill is too little to praiſe you as you deſerve; but if you would have it according to my poor ability, you are one that had a knock in your Cradle, a conceited lackwit, a deſigning Aſs, a hair-brain'd Fop, a confounded buſie brain, with an eternal Wind mill in it; this in ſhort, Sir, is the Contents of your Panegyrick.

Sir Mart. But what the Devil have I done, to ſet you thus againſt me?

Warn. Only this, Sir, I was the fooliſh raſcally fellow that was with *Moody*, and your Worſhip was he to whom I was to bring his Daughter.

Sir Mart. But how could I know this? *I* am no Witch.

Warn. No, *I*'ll be ſworn for you, you are no Conjurer. Will you go Sir?

Sir Mart. Will you hear my juſtifications?

Warn. Shall I ſee the back of you? ſpeak not a word in your defence. [*Shoves him.*

Sir Mart. This is the ſtrangeſt luck now — (*Exit.*

Warn. *I* am reſolv'd this Devil of his ſhall never weary me, *I* will overcome him, *I* will invent ſomething that ſhall ſtand good in ſpight of his folly. Let me ſee—

Enter

Enter Lord.

Lord. Here he is — *I* muſt venture on him, for the tyranny of this old Lady is unſupportable, ſince *I* have made her my confident, there paſſes not an hour but ſhe paſſes a pull at my Purſe-ſtrings; *I* ſhall be ruin'd if *I* do not quit my ſelf of her ſuddenly: *I* find now, by ſad experience, that a Miſtreſs is much more chargeable than a Wife, and after a little time too, grows full as dull and inſignificant. Mr. *VVarner*! have you a mind to do your ſelf a courteſie, and me another?

VVarn. *I* think, my Lord, the Queſtion need not be much diſputed, for *I* have alwayes had a great ſervice for your Lordſhip, and ſome little kindneſs for my ſelf.

Lord. What, if you ſhould propoſe Miſtreſs *Chriſtian* as a Wife to your Maſter? you know he's never like to compaſs t'other.

VVarn. *I* cannot tell that my Lord —

Lord. 500 *l.* are yours at the day of marriage.

VVarn. 500 *l.* 'tis true, the temptation is very ſweet, and powerful; the Devil *I* confeſs has done his parr, and many a good Murder and Treaſon have been committed at a cheaper rate; but yet —

Lord. What yet —

Warn. To confeſs the truth, *I* am reſolv'd to beſtow my Maſter upon that other Lady (as difficult as your Lordſhip thinks it) for the honour of my wit is engag'd in it: will it not be the ſame to your Lordſhip were ſhe married to any other?

Lord. The very ſame.

Warn. Come my Lord, not to diſſemble with you any longer, *I* know where it is that your Shoe wrings you: *I* have obſerv'd ſomething in the Houſe, betwixt ſome parties that ſhall be nameleſs: and know that you have been taking up Linnen at a much dearer rate, than you might have had it at any Drapers in Town.

Lord. *I* ſee *I* have not danc'd in a Net before you.

Warn. As for that old Lady, whom Hell confound, ſhe is the greateſt Jill in Nature, cheat is her ſtudy, all her joy to coſen, ſhe loves nothing but her ſelf, and draws all lines to that corrupted centre.

Lord. *I* have found her out, though late: firſt, *I'll* undertake

I n'ere

I n'er enjoy'd her Neice under the rate of 500 *l.* a time; never was Womans fleſh held up ſo high: every night I find out for a new Maiden-head, and ſhe has ſold it me as often as ever Mother *Temple*, *Bennet*, or *Gifford*, have put off boil'd Capons for Quails and Partridges.

Warn. This is nothing to what Bills you'l have when ſhe's brought to Bed, after her hard bargain, as they call it; then cram'd Capons, Pea-hens, Chickens in the greaſe, Pottages, and Frigacies, Wine from *Shatling*, and *La-fronds*, with New-River, clearer by ſix pence the pound than ever God Almighty made it; then Midwife — Dry-Nurſe — Wet-Nurſe — and all the reſt of their Accomplices, with Cradle, Baby-Clouts, and Bearing-Cloaths —— Poſſets, Cawdels, Broth, Jellies, and Gravies; and behind all theſe, Gliſters, Suppoſiters, and a barbarous Pothecaries Bi l, more inhumane than a Tailors.

Lord. I ſweat to think on't.

Warn. Well, my Lord! chear up! I have found a way to rid you of it all, within a ſhort time you ſhall know more; yonder appears a young Lady whom I muſt needs ſpeak with, pleaſe you go in and prepare the old Lady and your Miſtreſs.

Lord. Good luck, and 500 *l.* attend thee. (*Exit.*

Enter Milliſent *and* Roſe *above.*

Mill. I am reſolv'd I'l never marry him!

Roſe. So far you are right, Madam.

Mill. But, how to hinder it, *I* cannot poſſibly tell? for my Father preſſes me to it, and will take no denial: wou'd I knew ſome way ——

Warn. Madam, I'l teach you the very neareſt, for I have juſt now found it out,

Roſe. Are you there, Mr. Littleplot?

Warn. Studying to deſerve thee, *Roſe*, by my diligence for thy Lady; *I* ſtand here, methinks, juſt like a wooden Mercury, to point her out the way to Matrimony.

Roſe. Or, Serving-man-like, ready to carry up the hot meat for your Maſter, and then to fall upon the cold your ſelf.

Warn. I know not what you call the cold, but *I* believe *I* ſhall find

find warm work on't: in the first place then I must acquaint you, that I have seemingly put off my Master, and entred my self into Sir *John*'s service.

Mill. Most excellent!

Warn. And thereupon, but base — [*Enter* Moody

Mill. Something he would tell us, but see what luck's here!

Mood. How now, Sirrah? are you so great there already?

Mill. I find my Father's jealous of him still!

Warn. Sir, I was only teaching my young Lady a new Song, and if you please you shall hear it.

SINGS.

Make ready fair Lady to night,
And stand at the Door below,
For I will be there
To receive you with care,
And to your true Love you shall go.

Mood. Ods bobs this is very pretty.

Mill. I, so is the Lady's Answer too, if I could but hit on't.

SINGS.

And when the Stars twinckle so bright,
Then down to the Door will I creep,
To my Love will I flye,
E're the jealous can spye,
And leave my old daddy asleep.

Mood. Bodikins I like not that so well, to cosen her old Father; it may be my own case another time.

Rose. Oh Madam! yonder's your Persecutor return'd.

Enter Sir John.

Mill. I'll into my Chamber to avoid the sight of him as long as I can; Lord! that my old doting Father should throw me away upon such an Ignoramus, and deny me to such a Wit as Sir *Martin.* [*Ex.* Mill. *and* Rose *from above.*

Mood. O Son! here has been the moſt villainous Tragedy againſt you.

Sir John. What Tragedy? has there been any blood ſhed ſince I went?

Mood. No blood ſhed, but, as I told you, a moſt damnable Tragedy.

Warn. A Tragedy! I'll be hang'd if he does not mean a Stratagem.

Mood. Jack Sawce! if I ſay it is a Tragedy, it ſhall be a Tragedy in ſpight of you, teach your Grandam how to piſs—— what —— I hope I am old enough how to ſpout Engliſh with you Sir?

Sir John. But what was the reaſon you came not after me?

Mood. 'Twas well I did not, I'll promiſe you, there were thoſe would have made bold with Miſtreſs Bride; an' if ſhe had ſtir'd out of doors, there were Whipſters abroad i'faith, Padders of Maiden-heads, that would have truſs'd her up, and pick'd the lock of her affections, e'r a man could have ſaid, what's this: but by good luck I had warning of it by a friends Letter.

Sir John. The remedy for all ſuch dangers is eaſie, you may ſend for a Parſon, and have the buſineſs diſpatch'd at home.

Mood. A match, i'faith, do you provide a *Domine*, and I'll go tell her our reſolutions, and hearten her up againſt the day of battel. [*Exit.*

Sir John. Now I think on't, this Letter muſt needs come from Sir *Martin*; a Plot of his, upon my life, to hinder our marriage.

Warn. I ſee, Sir, you'l ſtill miſtake him for a Wit; but I am much deceiv'd, if that Letter came not from another hand.

Sir John. From whom I prithee?

Warn. Nay, for that you ſhall excuſe me, Sir, I do not love to make a breach betwixt perſons that are to be ſo near related.

Sir John. Thou ſeem'ſt to imply that my Miſtreſs was in the Plot,

Warn. Can you make a doubt on't? do you not know ſhe ever lov'd him, and can you hope ſhe has ſo ſoon forſaken him? you may make your ſelf miſerable, if you pleaſe, by ſuch a marriage.

Sir John. When ſhe is once mine, her Vertue will ſecure me.

Warn.

Warn. Her Vertue!

Sir John. What, do you make a mock on't?

Warn. Not I, I assure you, Sir, I think it no such jesting matter.

Sir John. Why, is she not honest?

Warn. Yes in my conscience is she, for Sir *Martin*'s Tongue's no slander.

Sir John. But does she say to the contrary?

Warn. If one would believe him, which for my part I do not, he has in a manner confess'd it to me.

Sir John. Hell and Damnation!

Warn. Courage, Sir, never vex your self, I'll warrant you 'tis all a Lye.

Sir John. But how shall I be 'sur'd 'tis so?

Warn. When you are married you'l soon make tryal, whether she be a Maid or no?

Sir John. I do not love to make that Experiment at my own cost.

Warn. Then you must never marry.

Sir John. I, but they have so many tricks to cheat a man, which are entay'ld from Mother to Daughter through all Generations, there's no keeping a Lock for that Door for which every one has a Key.

Warn. As for Example, their drawing up their breaths with Oh! you hurt me, can you be so cruel? then the next day she steals a Visit to her Lover, that did you the Courtesie beforehand, and in private tells him how she cozened you; twenty to one but she takes out another Lesson with him to practise the next night.

Sir John All this while miserale I must be their May-game.

Warn. 'Tis well if you escape so; for commonly he strikes in with you, and becomes your friend.

Sir John. Deliver me from such a friend that stays behind with my Wife, When I gird on my Sword to go abroad.

Warn. I, there's your man, Sir; besides he will be sure to watch your haunts, and te'l her of them, that if occasion be, she may have wherewithall to recriminate: at least she will seem to be jealous of you, and who would suspect a jealous Wife?

Sir John. All manner of ways I am moſt miſerable.

Warn. But if ſhe be not a Maid when you marry her, ſhe may make a good Wife afterwards, 'tis but imagining you have taken ſuch a mans Widow.

Sir John. If there were all; but the Man will come and claim her again.

Warn. Examples have been frequent of thoſe that have been wanton, and yet afterwards take up.

Sir *John.* I, the ſame thing they took up before.

Warn. The truth is, an honeſt ſimple Girl that's ignorant of all things, maketh the beſt Matrimony: There is ſuch pleaſure in inſtructing her, the beſt is, there's not one Dunce in all the Sex; ſuch a one with a good Fortune ——

Sir *John.* I, but where is ſhe, *Warner?*

Warn. Near enough, but that you are too far engag'd.

Sir *John.* Engag'd to one that hath given me the earneſt of Cuckoldom before-hand?

Warn. What think you then of Mrs *Chriſtian* here in the houſe? There's 5000 l. and a better penny.

Sir *John.* I, but is ſhe Fool enough?

Warn. She's none of the wiſe Virgins, I can aſſure you.

Sir John. Dear *Warner*, ſtep into the next Room, and inveigle her out this way, that I may ſpeak to her.

Warn. Remember above all things, you keep this Wooing ſecret; if he takes the leaſt wind, old *Moody* will be ſure to hinder it.

Sir *John.* Do'ſt thou think I ſhall get her Aunts Conſent?

Warn. Leave that to me. [*Exit* Warner.

Sir *John.* How happy a man ſhall I be, if I can but compaſs this! and what a Precipice have I avoided! then the revenge too is ſo ſweet to ſteal a Wife under her Fathers noſe, and leave 'um in the lurch who has abus'd me; well, ſuch a Servant as this, *Warner*, is a Jewel.

Enter Warner *and Mrs.* Chriſtian *to him.*

Warn. There ſhe is, Sir, now I'll go to prepare her Aunt.

Sir John. Sweet Miſtreſs, I am come to wait upon you.

Chr. Truly you are too good to wait on me.

Sir

Sir *John.* And in the Condition of a Suitor.

Chr. As how, forſooth?

Sir *John.* To be ſo happy as to marry you.

Chr. O Lord, I would not marry for any thing!

Sir *John.* Why? 'tis the honeſt end of Woman-kind.

Chr. Twenty years hence, forſooth: I would not lye in bed with a man for a world, their beards it will ſo prickle one.

Sir *John.* Pah, — What an innocent Girl it is, and very child! I like a Colt that never yet was back'd; for ſo I ſhall make her what I liſt, and mould her as I will; Lord! her innocency makes me laugh my Cheeks all wet. — Sweet Lady — [*Aſide.*

Chr. I'm but a Gentlewoman, forſooth.

Sir *John.* Well then, ſweet Miſtreſs, if I get your Friends conſent, ſhall I have yours?

Chr. My old Lady may do what ſhe will, forſooth, but by my truly, I hope ſhe will have more care of me, then to marry me yet; Lord bleſs me, what ſhould I do with a Husband?

Sir *John.* Well, Sweet-heart, then inſtead of wooing you, I muſt wooe my old Lady.

Chr. Indeed, Gentleman, my old Lady is married already: cry you mercy forſooth, I think you are a Knight.

Sir *John.* Happy in that Title only to make you Lady.

Chr. Believe me, Mr. Knight, I would not be a Lady, it makes Folks proud, and ſo humerous, and ſo ill Huswifes, forſooth.

Sir *John.* Pah, — ſhe's a Baby, the ſimpleſt thing that ever yet I knew; the happieſt man I ſhall be in the world; for ſhould I have my wiſh, it ſhould be to keep School, and teach the bigger Girls, and here in one my wiſh it is abſolv'd.

Enter Lady Dupe.

La. Dupe. By your leave, Sir: I hope this noble Knight will make you happy, and you make him.

Chr. What ſhould I make him? (*Sighing.*

La. Dupe. Marry, you ſhall make him happy in a good Wife.

Chr. I will not marry, Madam.

La. Dupe. You Fool!

Sir John. Pray, Madam, let me ſpeak with you, on my Soul 'tis the pretti'ſt innocent'ſt thing in the world.

La.

La. Dupe. Indeed, Sir, ſhe knows little beſides her work and her Prayers; but I'll talk with the Fool.

Sir John. Deal gently with her, dear Madam.

La. Dupe. Come, *Chriſtian*, will not you marry this noble Knight?

Chr. Yes, yes, yes.—— [*ſobbingly.*

La. Dupe. Sir, it ſhall be to night.

Sir John. This Innocence is a Dowry beyond all price.

[*Exeunt Old Lady and Mrs.* Chriſtian.

Enter Sir Martin *and Sir* John, *muſing.*

Sir Mart. You are very melancholy methinks, Sir.

Sir John. You are miſtaken, Sir.

Sir Mart. You may diſſemble as you pleaſe, but Mrs. *Milliſent* lyes at the bottom of your Heart.

Sir John. My Heart, I aſſure you, has no room for ſo poor a Trifle.

Sir Mart. Sure you think to wheadle me, would you have me imagine you do not love her?

Sir John. Love her! why ſhould you think me ſuch a Sot? love a Proſtitute, and infamous perſon!

Sir Mart. Fair and ſoft, good Sir *John.*

Sir John. You ſee I am no very obſtinate Rival, I leave the field free to you: go on, Sir, and purſue your good Fortune, and be as happy as ſuch a common Creature can make thee.

Sir Mart. This is Hebrew-Greek to me; but I muſt tell you, Sir, I will not ſuffer my Divinity to be prophan'd by ſuch a Tongue as yours.

Sir John. Believe it; what'er I ſay I can quote my Author for.

Sir Mart. Then, Sir, whoever told it you, ly'd in his Throat, d'you ſee, and deeper than that d'ye ſee, in his ſtomach, and his guts d'ye ſee: tell me ſhe's a common perſon! he's a Son of a Whore that ſaid it, and make him eat his words, though he ſpoke 'em in a privy-houſe.

Sir John. What if *Warner* told me ſo? I hope you'l grant him to be a competent Judge in ſuch a buſineſs.

Sir Mart. Did that precious Raſcal ſay it?—Now I think on't I'll not believe you: in fine, Sir, I'll hold you an even Wager he denies it.

Sir

Sir John. I'll lay you ten to one, he juſtifies it to your face.

Sir Mart. I'll make him give up the Ghoſt under my fiſt, if he does not deny it.

Sir John. I'll cut off his Ears upon the Spot, if he does not ſtand to't.

Enter Warner.

Sir Mart. Here he comes in Pudding-time to reſolve the queſtion: come hither, you lying Varlet, hold up your hand at the Bar of Juſtice, and anſwer me to what I ſhall demand.

Warn. What a Goodier is the matter, Sir?

Sir Mart. Thou Spawn of the old Serpent, fruitful in nothing but in lyes!

Warn. A very fair beginning this.

Sir Mart. Didſt thou dare to caſt thy Venom upon ſuch a Saint as Mrs. *Milliſent*, to traduce her Vertue, and ſay it was adulterate?

Warn. Not guilty my Lord.

Sir Mart. I told you ſo.

Sir John. How, Mr. Raſcal! have you forgot what you ſaid but now concerning Sir *Martin* and Mrs. *Milliſent*? I'll ſtop the Lye down your Throat, if you dare deny't.

Sir Mart. Say you ſo! are you there agen i'faith?

Warn. Pray pacifie your ſelf, Sir, 'twas a Plot of my own deviſing.

Sir Mart. Leave off your winking and yout pinking, with a Horſe-pox t'ye, I'll udderſtand none of it; tell me in plain Engliſh the truth of the buſineſs: for an'you were my own Brother, you ſhould pay for it: belye my Miſtreſs! what a Pox d'ye think I have no ſenſe of Honour?

Warn. What the Devil's the matter w'ye? either be at quiet, or I'll reſolve to take my heels, and be gone.

Sir Mart. Stop Thief there! what did you think to ſcape the hand of Juſtice? [*Lays hold on him.*

The beſt on't is, Sirrah, your heels are not altogether ſo uimble as your tongue, [*Beats him.*

Warn. Help; Murder! Murder!

Sir Mart. Confeſs, you Rogue, then.

Warn. Hold your hands, I think the Devil's in you,—I tell you 'tis a device of mine. *Sir*

Sir. Mart. And have you no body to deviſe it on but my Miſtreſs, the very Map of Innocence?

Sir John. Moderate your anger, good Sir *Martin.*

Sir Mart. By your patience, Sir, I'll chaſtiſe him abundantly.

Sir John. That's a little too much, Sir, by your favour, to beat him in my preſence.

Sir Mart. That's a good one i'faith, your preſence ſhall hinder me from beating my own Servant.

Warn. O Traytor to all ſenſe and reaſon! he's going to diſcover that too.

Sir Mart. An'I had a mind to beat him to Mummy, he's my own, I hope.

Sir John. At preſent I muſt tell you he's mine, Sir.

Sir Mart. Hey-day! here's fine jugling!

Warn. Stop yet, Sir, you are juſt upon the brink of a Precipice.

Sir Mart. What is't thou meaneſt now?——a Lord! my mind miſ-gives me I have done ſome fault, but would I were hang'd if I can find it out. [*Aſide.*

Warn. There's no making him underſtand me.

Sir Mart. Pox on't, come what will, I'll not be fac'd down with a Lye; I ſay he is my man.

Sir John. Pray remember your ſelf better; did not you turn him away for ſome fault lately, and laid a Livery of black and blue on his back before he went?

Sir Mart. The Devil of any fault, or any black and blue that I remember: either the Raſcal put ſome Trick upon you, or you you would upon me.

Sir John. O, ho, then it ſeems the cudgelling and turning away were pure invention; I am glad I undeſtand it.

Sir Mart. In fine, it's all ſo damn'd a Lye.——

Warn. Alas! he has forgot it, Sir, good Wits, you know, have bad Memories.

Sir John. No, no, Sir, that ſhall not ſerve your turn, you may return when you pleaſe to your old Maſter, I give you a fair diſcharge, and a glad man I am to be ſo rid of you: were you thereabouts i'faith? what a Snake I had entertain'd into my boſom? fare you well, Sir, and lay your next Plot better between you, I adviſe you. [*Exit Sir* John.

Warn.

VVarn. Lord, Sir, how you ſtand! as you were nip'd i'th'head: have you done any new piece of Folly, that makes you look ſo like an Aſs?

Sir Mart. Here's three pices of Gold yet, if *I* had the heart to offer it thee. (*Holds the Gold afar off trembling.*

Warn. Noble Sir, what have I done to deſerve ſo great a Liberality; I confeſs if you had beaten me for my own fault, if you had utterly deſtroyed all my projects, then it might ha'bin expected that ten or twenty pieces ſhould have been offer'd by way of recompence or ſatisfaction.——

Sir Mart. Nay, on'you be ſo full o'your Flowts, your Friend and Servant; who the Devil could tell the meaning of your ſigns and tokens, an'you go to that?

Warn. You are no Aſs then?

Sir Mart. Well, Sir, to do you ſervice, d'ye ſee, I am an Aſs in a fair way; will that ſatisfie you?

Warn. For this once produce thoſe three pieces, I am contented to receive that inconſiderable tribute, or make'em ſix and I'll take the fault upon my ſelf.

Sir Mart. Are we Friends then? if we are, let me adviſe you.---

Warn. Yet adviſing.———

Sir Mart. For no harm, good *Warner*: but pray next time make me of your Council, let me enter into the buſineſs, inſtruct me in every point, and then if I diſcover all, I am reſolv'd to give over affairs, and retire from the world.

Warn. Agreed, it ſhall be ſo; but let us now take breath a while, then on agen.

For though we had the worſt, thoſe heats were paſt,
Wee'l whip and ſpur, and fetch him up at laſt. (*Exeunt.*

ACT. V.

Enter Lord, *Lady* Dupe, *Miſtreſs* Chriſtian, Roſe, *and* Warner.

Lord. YOur promiſe is admirably made good to me, that Sir *John Swallow* ſhould be this night married to Mrs. *Chriſtian*; inſtead of that, he is more deeply engag'd than ever with old *Moody*.

Warn. I cannot help theſe ebbs and flows of fortune.

La. Dupe. I am ſure my Niece ſuffers moſt in't, he's come off to her with a cold Complement of a miſtake in his Miſtreſs's Virtue, which he has now found out, by your Maſters folly, to be a Plot of yours to ſeparate them.

Chr. To be forſaken when a woman has given her conſent!

Lord. 'Tis the ſame ſcorn, as to have a Town render'd up, and afterwards ſlighted.

Roſe. You are a ſweet youth, Sir, to uſe my Lady ſo, when ſhe depended on you; is this the faith of *Valet de Chambre*? I would be aſham'd to be ſuch a diſhonour to my profeſſion; it will reflect upon us in time, we ſhall be ruin'd by your good example.

Warn. As how my dear Lady Embaſſadreſs?

Roſe. Why, they ſay the Women govern their Ladies, and you govern us: ſo if you play faſt and looſe, not a Gallant will bribe us for our good wills; the gentle *Guiny* will now go to the Ordinary, which us'd as duly to ſteal into our hands at the ſtair-foot as into Mr. Doctors at parting.

Lord. Night's come, and I expect your promiſe.

La. D. Fail with me if you think good, Sir.

Chr. I give no more time.

Roſe. And if my Miſtreſs go to bed a Maid to night.

Warn. Hey-dey! you are dealing with me, as they do with the Banquers, call in all your debts together; there's no poſſibility of payment at this rate, but I'll coin for you all as faſt as I can,

can, I assure you.

La. Du. But you must not think to pay us with false Money, as you have done hitherto.

Rose. Leave off your Mountebank tricks with us, and fall to your business in good earnest.

Warn. Faith, and I will *Rose*; for to confess the truth, I am a kind of a Mountebank, I have but one Cure for all your Diseases, that is, that my Master may marry Mrs. *Millisent*, for then Sir *John Swallow* will of himself return to Mrs. *Christian*.

Lord. He says true, and therefore we must all be helping to that design.

Warn. I'll put you upon something, give me but a thinking time. In the first place, get a Warrant and Bailifs to arrest Sir *John Swallow* upon a promise of marriage to Mrs. *Christian*.

Lord. Very good.

La. Du. We'll all swear it.

Warn. I never doubted your Ladiship in the least, Madam — for the rest we will consider hereafter.

Lord. Leave this to us [*Ex.* Lord. La. Du. Mill. Chr.

Warn. *Rose* where's thy Lady?

Mill. What have you to say to her?

Warn. Only to tell you, Madam, I am going forward in the great work of projection.

Mill. I know not whether you will deserve my thanks when the work's done.

Warn. Madam, I hope you are not become indifferent to my Master.

Mill. If he should prove a fool after all your crying up his wit, I shall be a miserable woman.

Warn. A fool! that were a good jest i'faith: but how comes your Ladiship to suspect it?

Rose. I have heard, Madam, your greatest Wits have ever a touch of madness and extravagance in them, so perhaps has he.

Warn. There's nothing more distant than wit and folly, yet like East and West, they may meet in a point, and produce actions that are but a hairs breadth from one another.

Rose. I'll undertake he has wit enough to make one laugh at him a whole day together: He's a most Comical person,

Mill. For all this I will not ſwear he is no fool; he has ſtill diſcovered all your plots.

Warn. O Madam, that's the common fate of your Machivilians, they draw their Deſigns ſo ſubtile, that their very fineneſs breaks them.

Mill. However I'm reſolv'd to be on the ſure ſide, I will have certain proof of his wit before I marry him.

Warn. Madam, I'll give you one, he wears his cloaths like a great Sloven, and that's a ſure ſign of wit, he neglects his outward parts; beſides, he ſpeaks French, ſings, dances, plays upon the Lute.

Mill. Does he do all this, ſay you?

Warn. Moſt divinely, Madam.

Mill. I ask no more, then let him give me a Serenade immediately; but let him ſtand in the view, I'll not be cheated.

Warn. He ſhall do't Madam: but how, the Devil knows —— for he ſings like a Scritch-Owle, and never touch'd the Lute.

Mill. You'll ſee't perform'd?

Warn. Now I think on't, Madam, this will but retard our enterpriſe.

Mill. Either let him do't, or ſee me no more.

Warn. Well, it ſhall be done, Madam; but where's your Father? will not he over-hear it?

Mill. As good hap is, he's below ſtairs, talking with a Seaman, that has brought him news from the *Eaſt Indies*.

Warn. What concernment can he have there?

Mill. He had a Baſtard-Son there, whom he loved extremely: but not having any news from him theſe many years concluded him dead; this Son he expects within theſe three dayes.

Warn. When did he ſee him laſt?

Mill. Not ſince he was ſeven years old.

Warn. A ſudden thought comes into my head to make him appear before his time; let my Maſter paſs for him, and by that means he may come into the Houſe unſuſpected by her Father, or his Rival.

Mill. According as he performs his Serenade, I'll talk with you — make haſte — I muſt retire a little, [*Ex.* Mill. *from above.*

Roſe. I'll inſtruct him moſt rarely, he ſhall never be found

out;

out; but in the mean time, what wilt thou do with a Serenade?

Warn. Faith, I am little non-plus'd on the ſudden, but a warm conſolation from thy lips, *Roſe*, would ſet my wits a working again.

Roſe. Adieu, *Warner*. [*Exit.* Roſe.

Warn. Inhumane *Roſe*, adieu.

Blockhead *Warner*, into what a Premunire haſt thou brought thy ſelf; this 'tis to be ſo forward to promiſe for another — but to be Godfather to a Fool, to promiſe and vow he ſhould do any thing like a Chriſtian. ——

Enter Sir Martin.

Sir Mart. Why, how now Bully, in a Brown Study? for my good I warrant it; there's five ſhillings for thee, what, we muſt encourage good wits ſometimes.

Warn. Hang your white pelf: ſure, Sir, by your largeſs you miſtake me for *Martin Parker*, the Ballad-Maker; your covetouſneſs has offended my Muſe, and quite dull'd her.

Sir Mart. How angry the poor Devil is? in fine thou art as chollerick as a Cook by a Fire-ſide.

Warn. I am over-heated, like a Gun, with continual diſcharging my wit: 'ſlife, Sir, I have rarifi'd my brains for you, till they are evaporated; but come, Sir, do ſomething for your ſelf like a man, I have engag'd you ſhall give to your Miſtreſs a Serenade in your proper perſon: I'll borrow a Lute for you.

Sir Mart. I'll warrant thee I'll do't man.

Warn. You never learn't, I do not think you know one ſtop.

Sir Mart. 'Tis no matter for that, Sir, I'll play as faſt as I can, and never ſtop at all.

Warn. Go to, you are an invincible Fool I ſee; get up into your Windo*w*, and ſet two Candles by you, take my Land-lords Lute in you hand, and fumble on't, and make grimmaces with your mouth, as if you ſung; in the mean time, I'll play in the next Room in the dark, and conſequently your Miſtreſs, who will come to her Balcone over againſt you, will think it to be you; and at the end of every Tune, I'll ring the Bell that hangs between your Chamber and mine, that you may know when to have done.

Sir

Sir Mart. Why, this is fair Play now, to tell a man beforehand what he muſt do; Gramercy i'faith, Boy, now if I fail thee ——

Warn. About your buſineſs then, your Miſtreſs and her Maid appear already: I'll give you the ſign with the Bell when I am prepar'd, for my Lute is at hand in the Barbers Shop. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Milliſent, Roſe, *with a Candle by 'em above.*

Roſe. We ſhall have rare Muſick.

Mill. I wiſh it prove ſo; for I ſuſpect the Knight can neither play nor ſing.

Roſe. But if he does, you're bound to pay the Muſick, Madam.

Mill. I'll not believe it, except both my Ears and Eyes are Witneſſes.

Roſe. But 'tis night, Madam, and you cannot ſee 'em; yet he may play admirably in the dark.

Mill. Where's my Father?

Roſe. You need not fear him, he's ſtill employ'd with that ſame Sea-man, and I have ſet Mrs. *Chriſtian* to watch their diſcourſe, that betwixt her and me *Warner* may have wherewithal to inſtruct his Maſter.

Mill. But yet there's fear my Father will find out the Plot.

Roſe. Not in the leaſt, for my old Lady has provided two rare diſguiſes for the Maſter and the Man.

Mill. Peace, I hear them beginning to tune the Lute.

Roſe. And ſee, Madam, where your true Knight Sir *Martin* is plac'd yonder like *Apollo*, with his Lute in his hand and his Rays about his head.

Sir Martin *appears at the adverſe Window, a Tune play'd; when it is done,* Warner *rings, and Sir* Martin *holds.*

Did he not play moſt excellently, Madam?

Mill. He play'd well, and yet methinks he held his Lute but untowardly.

Roſe. Dear Madam, peace; now for the Song.

The

The SONG.

BLind Love to this hour
Had never like me, a Slave under his power.
Then bleſt be the Dart
That he threw at my heart,
For nothing can prove
A joy ſo great as to be wounded with love.

My Days and my Nights
Are fill'd to the purpoſe with ſorrows and frights;
From my hea t ſtill I ſigh
And my Eyes are ne'r dry,
So that Cupid *be prais'd,*
I am to the top of Love's happineſs rais'd.

My Soul's all on fire,
So that I have the pleaſure to doat and deſire,
Such a pretty ſoft pain
That it tickles each vein,
'Tis the dream of a ſmart,
Which makes me breathe ſhort when it beats at my heart.

Sometimes in a Pet,
When I am deſpis'd, I my freedom would get;
But ſtreight a ſweet ſmile
Does my anger beguile,
And my heart does recall,
Then the more I do ſtruggle, the lower I fall.

Heaven does not impart
Such a grace as to love unto ev'ry ones heart;
For many may wiſh
To be wounded and miſs:
Then bleſt be loves Fire,
And more bleſt her Eyes that firſt taught me deſire.

The Song being done, Warner *rings agen; but Sir* Martin *continues fumbling, and gazing on his Miſtreſs.*

Mill. A prety humour'd Song —— but ſtay, methinks he plays and ſings ſtill, and yet we cannot hear him. —— Play louder, Sir *Martin*, that we may have the fruits on't.

Warn. peeping. Death! this abominable Fool will ſpoil all agen. Dam him, he ſtands making his Grimaces yonder, and he looks ſo earneſtly upon his Miſtreſs, that he hears me not. [*Rings agen.*

Mill. Ah, ah! have I found you out, Sir? now as I live and breathe, this is pleaſant, *Roſe*, —— his man play'd and ſung for him, and he, it ſeems, did not know when he ſhould give over.

[Milliſent *and* Roſe *laugh.*

Warn. They have found him out, and laugh yonder as if they would ſplit their ſides. Why Mr. Fool, Oaf, Coxcomb, will you hear none of your names?

Mill. Sir *Martin*, Sir *Martin*, take your Mans counſel, and keep time with your Muſick.

Sir Mart. peeping. Hah! what do you ſay, Madam? how does your Ladiſhip like my Muſick?

Mill. O moſt heavenly! juſt like the Harmony of the Spheres that is to be admired, and never heard.

Warn. You have ruin'd all by your not leaving off in time.

Sir Mart. What the Devil would you have a man do when my hand is in! well o'my conſcience I think there is a fate upon me.

[*Noiſe within.*

Mill. Look, *Roſe*, what's the matter.

Roſe. 'Tis Sir *John Swallow* purſu'd by the Bailiffs, Madam, according to our Plot; it ſeems they have dogg'd him thus late to his Lodging.

Mill. That's well! for though I begin not to love this Fool; yet I am glad I ſhall be rid on him. (*Ex.* Milliſent, Roſe.

Enter Sir John *purſu'd by three Bailiffs over the Stage.*

Sir Mart. Now I'll redeem all agen, my Miſtreſs ſhall ſee my Valour, I'm reſolv'd on't, Villains, Rogues, Poultroons! what? three

three upon one? in fine, I'll be with you immediately. (*Exit.*

Warn. Why, Sir, are you ſtark mad? have you no grain of ſenſe left? he's gone! now is he as earneſt in the quarrel as Cokes among the Puppets; 'tis to no purpoſe whatever I do for him. *Exit* Warner.

Enter Sir John *and Sir* Martin (*having driven away the Bailiffs*) *Sir* Martin *flouriſheth his Sword,*

Sir Mart. Victoria! Victoria! what heart, Sir *John*, you have received no harm, I hope?

Sir John Not the leaſt, I thank you Sir for your timely aſſiſtance, which I will requite with any thing but the reſigning of my Mrs—— Dear Sir *Martin*, a good night.

Sir Mart. Pray let me wait upon you in Sir *John.*

Sir John. I can find my way to Mrs. *Milleſent* without you, Sir, I thank you.

Sir Mart. But pray, what were you to be arreſted for?

Sir John. I know no more than you; ſome little debts perhaps I left unpaid by my negligence: once more good night, Sir. (*Exit.*

Sir Mart. He's an ungrateful Fellow; and ſo in fine, I ſhall tell him when I ſee him next — Monſieur — (*Enter* Warner. *Warner*, A propos! I hope you'l applaud me now, I have defeated the Enemy, and that in ſight of my Miſtreſs; Boy, I have charm'd her i'faith with my Valour.

Warn. I, juſt as much as you did e'n now with your Muſick; go, you are ſo beaſtly a Fool, that a Chiding is thrown away upon you.

Sir Mart. Fool in your face, Sir; call a man of Honour, Fool, when I have juſt atchieved ſuch an Enterpriſe — Gad now my blood's up, I am a dangerous perſon, I can tell you that, *Warner.*

Warn. Poor Animal, I pity thee.

Sir Mart. I grant I am no Muſician, but you muſt allow me for a Sword-man, I have beat 'em bravely; and in fine, I am come off unhurt, ſave only a little ſcratch i'th'head.

Warn. That's impoſſible, thou haſt a Scull ſo thick, no Sword can pierce it; but much good may't d'ye, Sir, with the fruits of

your Valour : you reſcu'd your Rival when he was to be arreſted on purpoſe to take him off from your Miſtreſs.

Sir Mart. Why, this is ever the Fate of ingenuous men; nothing thrives they take in hand. [*Enter* Roſe.

Roſe. Sir *Martin*, you have done your buſineſs with my Lady, ſhe'l never look upon you more; ſhe ſays, ſhe's ſo well ſatisfied of your Wit and Courage, that ſhe will not put you to any further tryal.

Sir Mart. Warner, is there no hopes, *Warner?*

Warn. None taht I know.

Sir Mart. Let's have but one civil Plot more before we part.

Warn. 'Tis to no purpoſe.

Roſe. Yet if he had ſome golden Friends that would engage for him the next time ——

Sir Mart. Here's a Jacobus and a Carolus will enter into Bonds for me.

Roſe. I'll take their Royal words for once. [*She fetches two diſguiſes.*]

Warn. The meaning of this, Dear *Roſe.*

Roſe. 'Tis in purſuance of thy own invention, *Warner*; a child which thy wit hath begot upon me: but let us loſe no time, Help! help! dreſs thy Maſter, that he may be *Anthony*, old *Moody*'s Baſtard, and thou his, come from the *Eaſt-Indies.*

Sir Mart. Hey-tarock it —now we ſhall have *Roſes* device too, I long to be at it, pray let's hear more on't.

Roſe. Old *Moody* you muſt know in his younger years, when he was a *Cambridge*-Scholar, made bold with a Towns-mans Daughter there, by whom he had a Baſtard whoſe name was *Anthony*, whom you Sir *Martin*, are to repreſent.

Sir Mart. I warrant you, let me alone for *Tony*: but pray go on, *Roſe.*

Roſe. This Child in his Fathers time he durſt not own, but bred him privately in the Iſle of *Ely*, till he was ſeven years old, and from thence ſent him with one *Bonaventure* a Merchant for the *Eaſt-Indies.*

Warn. But will not this over-burden your memory, Sir?

Sir Mart. There's no anſwering thee any thing, thou think'ſt I am good for nothing.

Roſe. Bonaventure dy'd at *Surat* within two years, and this *Anthony*

thony has liv'd up and down in the *Moguls* Country unheard of by his Father till this night, and is expected within these three days: now if you can pass for him, you may have admittance into the house, and make an end of all the business before the other *Anthony* arrives.

Warn. But hold, *Rose*, there's one considerable point omitted; what was his Mother's name?

Rose. That indeed I had forgot; her name was *Dorothy*, Daughter to one *Draw-water* a Vintner at the *Rose*.

Warn. Come, Sir, are you perfect in your Lesson? *Anthony Moody* born in *Cambridge*, bred in the Isle of *Ely*, sent into the *Moguls* Country at seven years old with one *Bonaventure* a Merchant, who dyed within two years; your Mothers name *Dorothy Draw-water*, the Vintners Daughter at the *Rose*.

Sir Mart. I have it all *ad unguem* — what do'st think I'm a Sot? but stay a little, how have I liv'd all this while in that same Country?

Warn. What Country? — Pox, he has forgot already ——

Rose. The *Moguls* Country.

Sir Mart. I, I, the *Moguls* Country! what the Devil, any man may mistake a little; but now I have it perfect: but what have I been doing all this while in the *Moguls* Country? He's a Heathen Rogue, I am afraid I shall never hit upon his name.

Warn. Why, you have been passing your time there, no matter how.

Rose. Well, if this passes upon the Old man, I'll bring your business about agen with my Mistress, never fear it; stay you here at the door, I'll go tell the Old man of your arrival.

Warn. Well, Sir, now play your part exactly, and I'll forgive all your former errors. ——

Sir Mart. Hang'em, they were only slips of Youth — how peremptory and domineering this Rogue is! now he see's I have need of his service: would I were out of his power agen, I would make him lye at my feet like any Spaniel.

Enter Moody, Sir John, *Lord*, *Lady* Dupe, Milliſent, Chriſtian, Roſe.

Mood. Is he here already, ſay'ſt thou? which is he?

Roſe. That Sun-burn'd Gentleman.

Mood. My dear Boy *Anthony*, do I ſee thee agen before I dye? welcome, welcome.

Sir Mart. My dear Father, I know it is you by inſtinct; for methinks I am as like you as if I were ſpit out of your mouth.

Roſe. Keep it up I beſeech your Lordſhip. [*Aſide to the Lord.*

Lord. He's wond'rous like indeed.

La. Dupe. The very image of him.

Mood. Anthony, you muſt ſalute all this Company: this is my Lord *Dartmouth*, this my Lady *Dupe*, this her Niece Mrs. *Chriſtian.* [*He ſalutes them.*

Sir Mart. And that's my Siſter, methinks I have a good reſemblance of her too: honeſt Siſter, I muſt need kiſs you Siſter.

Warn. This fool will diſcover himſelf, I foreſee it already by his carriage to her.

Mood. And now *Anthony*, pray tell's a little of your Travels.

Sir Mart. Time enough for that, forſooth Father, but I have ſuch a natural affection for my Siſter, that methinks I could live and dye with her: give me thy hand ſweet Siſter.

Sir *John.* She's beholding to you, Sir.

Sir Mart. What if ſhe be Sir, what's that to you Sir?

Sir John. I hope, Sir, I have not offended you;

Sir Mart. It may be you have, and it may be you have not, Sir; you ſee I have no mind to ſatisfie you, Sir: what a Devil! a man cannot talk a little to his own fleſh and blood, but you muſt be interpoſing with a murrain to you.

Mood. Enough of this, good *Anthony*, this Gentleman is to marry your Siſter.

Sir Mart. He marry my Siſter: ods foot, Sir, there are ſome Baſtards, that ſhall be nameleſs, that are as well worthy to marry her, as any man; and have as good blood in their veins.

Sir John. I do not queſtion it in the leaſt, Sir.

Sir Mart. 'Tis not your beſt courſe, Sir; you marry my Siſter! what

what have you ſeen of the world, Sir? I have ſeen your Hurricanos, and your Calentures, and your Eclipticks, and your Tropick Lines, Sir, an'you go to that, Sir.

Warn. You muſt excuſe my Maſter, the Sea's a little working in his brain, Sir.

Sir Mart. And your *Preſter Johns* o'th' *Eaſt-Indies*, and your Great Turk of *Rome* and *Perſia*,

Mood. Lord, what a thing it is to be Learned, and a Traveller! Bodikins it makes me weep for joy; but, *Anthony*, you muſt not bear your ſelf too much upon your Learning, Child.

Mill. Pray Brother be civil to this Gentleman for my ſake.

Sir Mart. For your ſake, Siſter *Milliſent*, much may be done, and here I kiſs your hand on't.

Warn. Yet again ſtupidity?

Mill. Nay, pray Brother hands off, now you are too rude.

Sir Mart. Dear Siſter, as I am a true *Eaſt-India* Gentleman——

Mood. But pray Son *Anthony*, let us talk of other matters and tell me truly, had you not quite forgot me? and yet I made woundy much of you when you were young.

Sir Mart. I remember you as well as if I ſaw you but yeſterday: A fine grey-headed — grey-bearded old Gentleman as ever I ſaw in all my life.

Warn. aſide. Grey-bearded old Gentleman! when he was a Scholar at *Cambridge*.

Mood. But do you remember where you were bred up?

Sir Mart. O yes, Sir, moſt perfectly, in the Iſle——ſtay---let me ſee, oh——now I have it---in the Iſle of *Silly*.

Mood. In the Iſle of *Ely*, ſure you mean?

Warn. Without doubt he did, Sir, but this dam'd *Iſle* of *Silly* runs in's head ever ſince his Sea-Voyage.

Mood. And your Mothers name was —— come pray let me examine you —— for that I'm ſure you cannot forget.

Sir Mart. Warner! what was it *Warner*?

Warn. Poor Mrs. *Dorothy Draw-water*, if ſhe were now alive, what a joyful day would this be to her?

Mood. Who the Devil bid you ſpeak, Sirrah?

Sir Mart. Her name, Sir, was Mrs. *Dorothy Draw-water*.

Sir John. I'll be hang'd if this be not ſome Cheat.

Mill.

Mill. He makes ſo many ſtumbles, he muſt needs fall at laſt.

Mood. But you remember I hope where you were born?

Warn. Well, they may talk what they will of *Oxford* for an Vniverſity, but *Cambridge* for my money.

Mood. Hold your tongue you Scanderbag Rogue you, this is the ſecond time you have been talking when you ſhould not.

Sir Mart. I was born at *Cambridge*, I remember it as perfectly as if it were but yeſterday.

Warn. How I ſweat for him! he's remembring ever ſince he was born.

Mood. And who did you go over with to the *Eaſt-Indies?*

Sir Mart. Warner!

Warn. 'Twas a happy thing, Sir, you lighted upon ſo honeſt a Merchant as Mr. *Bonaventure*, to take care of him.

Mood. Sawcy Raſcal! this is paſt all ſufferance.

Roſe. We are undone *Warner*, if this diſcourſe go on any further.

Lord. Pray, Sir, take pity o'th' poor Gentleman, he has more need of a good Supper, than to be ask'd ſo many Queſtions.

Sir *John.* Theſe are Rogues, Sir, I plainly perceive it; pray let me ask him one queſtion — which way did you come home, Sir?

Sir Mart. We came home by Land, Sir.

Warn. That is, from *India* to *Perſia*, from *Perſia* to *Turky*, from *Turky* to *Germany*, from *Germany* to *France*.

Sir *John.* And from thence, over the narrow Seas on Horſeback.

Mood. 'Tis ſo, I diſcern it now, but ſome ſhall ſmoke for't. Stay a little *Anthony*, I'll be with you preſently. *Ex.* Mood.

Warn. That wicked old man is gone for no good, I'm afraid, would I were fairly quit of him. [*aſide*,

Mill. aſide. Tell me no more of Sir *Martin*, *Roſe*, he wants natural ſence, to talk after this rate; but for this *Warner*, I am ſtrangely taken with him, how handſomely he brought him off?

[*Enter* Moody *with two Cudgels*.

Mood. Among half a ſcore tough Cudgels I had in my Chamber, I have made choice of theſe two as beſt able to hold out.

Mill.

Mill. Alas! poor *Warner* must be beaten now for all his wit, would I could bear it for him.

Warn. But to what end is all this preparation, Sir?

Mood. In the first place, for your Worship, and in the next, for this *East-India* Apostle, that will needs be my Son *Anthony*.

Warn. Why d'ye think he is not?

Mood. No, thou wicked Accomplice in his designs, I know he is not.

Warn. Who, I his Accomplice? I beseech you, Sir, what is it to me, if he should prove a Counterfeit; I assure you he has cozen'd me in the first place.

Sir *John.* That's likely, i'faith, cozen his own Servant?

Warn. As I hope for mercy, Sir, I am an utter stranger to him, he took me up but yesterday, and told me the story word for word as he told it you.

Sir Mart. What will become of us two now? I trust to the Rogues wit to bring me off.

Mood. If thou woud'st have me believe thee, take one of these two Cudgels, and help me to lay it on soundly.

Warn. With all my heart.

Mood. Out you Cheat, you Hypocrite, you Impostor! do you come hither to cozen an honest man? [*Beats him*

Sir Mart. Hold, hold, Sir.

Warn. Do you come hither with a lye to get a Father, Mr. *Anthony* of *East-India*?

Sir Mart. Hold you inhumane Butcher.

Warn. I'll teach you to counterfeit again, Sir.

Sir Mart. The Rogue will murder me. (*Ex. Sir* Mart.

Mood. A fair riddance of 'em both: let's in and laugh at 'em (*Exeunt.*

Enter again Sir Martin, *and* Warner.

Sir Mart. Was there ever such an affront put upon a man, to be beaten by his Servant?

Warn. After my hearty salutations upon your back-side, Sir, may a man have leave to ask you, what news from the *Moguls* Country?

Sir

Sir Mart. I wonder where thou hadſt the impudence to move ſuch a queſtion to me, knowing how thou haſt us'd me.

Warn. Now, Sir, you may ſee what comes of your indiſcretion and ſtupidity: I alwayes gave you warning of it, but for this time I am content to paſs it by without more words, partly, becauſe I have already corrected you, though not ſo much as you deſerve.

Sir Mart. Do'ſt thou think to carry it off at this rate, after ſuch an injury?

Warn. You may thank your ſelf for't; nay 'twas very well I found out that way, otherwiſe I had been ſuſpected as your Accomplice.

Sir Mart. But you laid it on with ſuch a vengeance, as if you were beating of a Stock-fiſh.

VVarn. To confeſs the truth on't, you had anger'd me, and I was willing to evaporate my choler; if you will paſs it by ſo, I may chance to help you to your Miſtreſs: no more words of this buſineſs, I adviſe you, but go home and greaſe your back.

Sir Mart. In fine, I muſt ſuffer it at his hands; for if my ſhoulders had not paid for this fault, my purſe muſt have ſweat blood for't: the Rogue has got ſuch a hank upon me——

Warn. So, ſo, here's another of our Veſſels come in after the ſtorm that parted us: what comfort, *Roſe*, no Harbour near? [*Enter* Roſe.

Roſe. My Lady, as you may well imagine, is moſt extreamly incens'd againſt Sir *Martin*; but ſhe applauds your ingenuity to the Skies. I'll ſay no more, but thereby hangs a Tale.

Sir Mart. I am conſidering with my ſelf about a Plot, to bring all about agen.

Roſe. Yet again plotting! if you have ſuch a mind to't, I know no way ſo proper for you as to turn Poet to *Pugenello*.

Warn. Hark! is not that Muſick in your houſe? *Muſick plays.*

Roſe. Yes, Sir *John* has given my Miſtreſs the Fiddles, and our Old-man is as jocund yonder, and does ſo hug himſelf to think how he has been reveng'd upon you.

Warn. Why, he does not know 'twas we, I hope?

Roſe. 'Tis all one for that.

Sir Mart. I have ſuch a Plot; I care not, I will ſpeak an'I were

to

to be hang'd for't —— ſhall I ſpeak, dear *Warner?* let me now; it does ſo wamble within me, juſt like a Clyſter, i'faith law, and I can keep it no longer for my heart.

Warn. Well, I am indulgent to you; out with it boldly in the name of Non-ſenſe.

Sir Mart. We two will put on Vizards, and with the help of my Lordland, who ſhall be of the party, go a Mumming there, and by ſome device of dancing, get my Miſtreſs away unſuſpected by 'em all.

Roſe. What if this ſhould hit now, when all your projects have fail'd, *Warner?*

Warn. Would I were hang'd if it be not ſomewhat probable: nay, now I conſider better on't —exceeding probable, it muſt take, 'tis not in Nature to be avoided.

Sir Mart. O muſt it ſo, Sir! and who may you thank for't?

Warn. Now am I ſo mad he ſhould be the Author of this device. How the Devil, Sir, came you to ſtumble on't?

Sir Mart. Why ſhould not my brains be as fruitful as yours or any mans?

Warn. This is ſo good, it ſhall not be your Plot, Sir, either diſown it, or I will proceed no further.

Sir Mart. I would not loſe the credit of my Plot to gain my Miſtreſs: the Plot's a good one, and I'll juſtifie it upon any ground of *England*; an'you will not work upon't, it ſhall be done without you.

Roſe. I think the Knight has reaſon.

Warn. Well, I'll order it however to the beſt advantage: hark you, *Roſe.* [*whiſpers.*

Sir Mart. If it miſcarry by your ordering, take notice 'tis your fault, 'tis well invented I'll take my Oath on't.

Roſe. I muſt in to 'em, for fear I ſhould be ſuſpected; but I'll acquaint my Lord, my old Lady, and all the reſt who ought to know it, with your deſign.

Warn. We'll be with you in a twinkling: you and I, *Roſe*, are to follow our Leaders, and be pair'd to night ——

Roſe. To have, and to hold, are dreadful words, *Warner*; but for your ſake I'll venture on 'em. (*Exeunt.*

Enter Lord, *Lady* Dupe, *and* Chriſtian.

La. Dupe. Nay! good my Lord be patient.

Lord. Does he think to give Fiddles and Treatments in a houſe where he has wrong'd a Lady? I'll never ſuffer it.

La. Dupe. But upon what ground will you raiſe your quarrel?

Lord. A very juſt one, as I am her Kinſman.

La. Dupe. He does not know yet why he was to be arreſted; try that way agen.

Lord. I'll hear of nothing but revenge. (*Enter* Roſe.

Roſe. Yes, pray hear me one word, my Lord, *Sir Martin* himſelf has made a Plot.

Chr. That's like to be a good one.

Roſe. A Fool's Plot may be as lucky as a Fools's Handſel; 'tis a very likely one, and requires nothing for your part, but to get a Parſon in the next room, we'll find work for him.

La. Dupe. That ſhall be done immediately; *Chriſtian*, make haſte, and ſend for Mr. *Ball* the Non-conformiſt, tell him here are two or three Angels to be earn'd.

Chr. And two or three Poſſets to be eaten: may I not put in that, Madam?

La. Dupe. Surely you may. [*Exit* Chriſtian.

Roſe. Then for the reſt—'tis only this—Oh! they are here! pray take it in a whiſper: my Lady knows of it already.

Enter Moody, Sir John, Milliſent.

Mill. Strike up agen, Fiddle, I'll have a French Dance.

Sir John. Let's have the Braw's.

Mood. No, good *Sir John*, no quarrelling among Friends.

La. Dupe. Your Company is like to be increas'd, Sir; ſome Neighbours that heard your Fiddles are come a mumming to you.

Mood. Let 'em come in, and we'l be Jovy; an' I had but my Hobby-horſe at home — —

Sir John. What, are they Men or Women?

La. Dupe. I believe ſome Prentices broke looſe.

Mill.

Mill. Roſe! go and fetch me down two Indian gowns and Vizard-masks —— you and I will diſguiſe too, and be as good a Mummery to them as they to us. (*Exit* Roſe.

Mood. That will be moſt rare.

Enter Sir Martin, Warner, Landlord *diſguiſed like a Tony.*

Mood. O here they come! Gentlemen Maskers you are welcome---He ſigns for a Dance I believe; you are welcome, Mr. Muſick, ſtrike up, I'll make one as old as I am. [Warner *ſigns to the Muſick for a Dance.*]

Sir John. And I'll not be out. (*Dance.*

Lord. Gentlemen Maskers, you have had the Frolick, the next turn is mine; bring two Flute-glaſſes and ſome ſtools, Ho, we'll have the Ladies health.

Sir John. But why ſtools, my Lord?

Lord. That you ſhall ſee: the humour is, that two men at a time are hoyſted up; when they are above, they name their Ladies, and the reſt of the Company dance about them while they drink: this they call the Frolick of the Altitudes.

Mood. Some High-lander's invention, I'll warrant it.

Lord. Gentlemen-maskers, you ſhall begin. (*They hoyſt Sir Mart. and* Warn.)

Sir John. Name the Ladies.

Lord. They point to Mrs. *Milliſent* and Mrs. *Chriſtian*, A Lou's Touche! Touche!

Mood. A rare toping health this: come Sir *John*, now you and I will be in our altitudes.

Sir John. What new device is this trow?

Mood. I know not what to make on't.

Sir John to Tony. Pray, Mr. Fool, where's the reſt o' your Company? I would fain ſee 'em again.

Landl. Come down and tell 'em ſo, *Cudden.*

Sir John. I'll be hang'd if there be not ſome Plot in't, and this Fool is ſet here to ſpin out the time.

While they drink the Company dances and ſings: they are taken down.

When they are up, the Company dances about 'em: then dance off. Tony dances a Jig.

Mood. Like enough! undone! undone! my Daughters's gone, let me down, Sirrah.

Landl. Yes, *Cudden.*

Sir John. My Miſtreſs is gone, let me down first. *(He offers to pull down the ſtools.)*

Landl. This is the quickeſt way, *Cudden.*

Sir John. Hold! hold! or thou wilt break my neck.

Landl. And you will not come down, you may ſtay there, *Cudden.* [*Exit Landlord dancing.*

Mood. O Scanderbag Villains!

Sir John. Is there no getting down?

Mood. All this was long of you *Sir Jack.*

Sir John. 'Twas long of your ſelf to invite them hither.

Mood. O you young Coxcombs, to be drawn in thus!

Sir John. You old Sot you, to be caught ſo ſillily!

Mood. Come but an inch nearer, and I'll ſo claw thee.

Sir John. I hope I ſhall reach to thee.

Mood. And 'twere not for thy wooden breaſt-work there.

Sir John. I hope to puſh thee down from *Babylon.*

Enter Lord, *Lady* Dupe, *Sir* Martin, Warner, Roſe, Milliſent *vail'd*, Landlord.

Lord. How, Gentlemen! what quarrelling among your ſelves!

Mood. Coxnowns! help me down, and let me have fair play, he ſhall never marry my Daughter.

Sir Mart. leading Roſe. No I'll be ſworn that he ſhall not, therefore never repine, Sir, for Marriages you know are made in Heaven: in fine, Sir, we are joyn'd together in ſpight of Fortune.

Roſe pulling off her mask. That we are indeed, Sir *Martin*, and theſe are Witneſſes; therefore in fine never repine, Sir, for Marriages you know are made in Heaven.

Omn. Roſe!

Warn. What, is *Roſe* ſplit in two? ſure I ha' got one *Roſe!*

Mill. I, the beſt *Roſe* you ever got in all your life. *Pulls off her mask.*

Warn. This amazeth me ſo much, I know not what to ſay or think.

Mood. My Daughter married to *Warner!*

Sir Mart. Well, I thought it impoſſible any man in *England* ſhould

should have over-reach'd me: sure *Warner* there was some mistake in this: prithee *Billy* let's go to the Parson to set all right again, that every man may have his own before the matter go too far.

Warn. Well, Sir! for my part I will have nothing farther to do with these Women, for I find they will be too hard for us, but e'n sit down by the loss, and content my self with my hard fortune: But, Madam, do you ever think I will forgive you this, to cheat me into an Estate of 2000 *l.* a year?

Sir Mart. And I were as thee, I would not be so serv'd *Warner!*

Mill. I have serv'd him but right for the cheat he put upon me, when he perswaded me you were a Wit—now there's a trick for your trick, Sir.

Warn. Nay, I confess you have out-witted me.

Sir John. Let me down, and I'll forgive all freely. } *They let*
Mood. What am I kept here for? } *him down.*

Warn. I might in policy keep you there, till your Daughter and I had been in private, for a little consummation: But for once, Sir, I'll trust your good nature.

[*Takes him down too.*

Mood. And thou wert a Gentleman it would not grieve me!

Mill. That I was assur'd of before I married him, by my Lord here.

Lord. I cannot refuse to own him for my Kinsman, though his Father's sufferings in the late times hath ruin'd his Fortunes.

Mood. But yet he has been a Serving-man.

Warn. You are mistaken, Sir, I have been a Master, and besides there's an Estate of 800 *l.* a year, only it is mortgaged for 6000 *l.*

Mood. Well, we'll bring it off, and for my part, I am glad my Daughter has miss'd *in fine*, there.

Sir John. I will not be the only man that must sleep without a Bedfellow to night, if this Lady will once again receive me.

La. Dupe. She's yours, Sir.

Lord. And the same Parson, that did the former execution, is still in the next Chamber; what with Cawdels Wine, and Quidding, which he has taken in abundance, I think he will be able to wheadle two more of you into matrimony.

Mill.

Mill. Poor Sir *Martin* looks melancholly! I am half afraid he is in love.

Warn. Not with the Lady that took him for a Wit, I hope.

Roſe. At leaſt, Sir *Martin* can do more than you Mr. *Warner*, for he can make me a Lady, which you cannot my Miſtreſs.

Sir Mart. I have loſt nothing but my Man, and in fine, I ſhall get another.

Mill. You'll do very well, Sir *Martin*, for you'll never be your own Man, I aſſure you.

Warn. For my part I had lov'd you before if I had follow'd my inclination.

Mill. But now I am afraid you begin of the lateſt, except your love can grow up like a Muſhrome at a nights warning.

Warn. For that matter never trouble your ſelf, I can love as faſt as any man, when I am nigh poſſeſſion; my love falls heavy, and never moves quick till it comes near the Centre; he's an ill Falconer that will unhood before the quarry be in ſight.

Love's an high mettal'd Hawk that beats the Air,
But ſoon grows weary when the Game's not near.

Epilogue.

Epilogue.

AS Country Vicars, when the Sermon's done,
Run hudling to the Benediction;
Well knowing, though the better ſort may ſtay,
The Vulgar Rout will run unbleſt away:
So we, when once our Play is done, make haſte
With a ſhort Epilogue to cloſe your taſte.
In thus withdrawing we ſeem mannerly,
But when the Curtain's down we peep and ſee
A Jury of the Wits who ſtill ſtay late,
And in their Club decree the poor Plays fate;
Their Verdict back is to the Boxes brought,
Thence all the Town pronounces it their thought.
Thus, Gallants, we like Lilly *can foreſee,*
But if you ask us what our doom will be,
We by to morrow will our Fortune caſt,
As he tells all things when the Year is paſt.

FINIS.